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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

In the Old Churchyard.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind,
Above the tangled grasses deep,
Where those who loved me long ago
Forgot the world and fell asleep.
No towering shaft or sculptured urn,
Or mausoleum's empty pride,
Tells to the curious passer-by
Their virtues, or the time they died.

I count the old familiar names,
O'ergrown with moss and lichen gray,
Where tangled brier and creeping vine
Across the tumbling tablets stray.
The summer sky is softly blue;
The birds still sing the sweet, old strain;
But something from the summer-time
Is gone, that will not come again.

So many voices have been hushed—
So many songs have ceased for aye—
So many hands I used to touch
Are folded over hearts of clay;
The shadow world recedes from me—
I cease to hear its praise or blame;
The mossy marbles echo back
No hollow sound or empty fame.

I only know that, calm and still,
They sleep beyond life's woe and wail.
Beyond the fleet of sailing clouds,
Beyond the shadow of the vale;
I only fee that, tired and worn,
I halt upon the highway bare,
And gaze with yearning eyes beyond
To fields that shine supremely fair.

STORY TELLER

FIRST-CLASS PASSAGE.

As naturally as a steel needle flies to a magnet, so have I always felt ready to hurry to a lady in distress. I do not say it vauntingly, nor put it forward as a virtue, for the act has generally been involuntary; and so it was one day last year, having seen my small quantity of personal luggage on board the great screw-liner lying at the wharf getting up her steam ready for her race across the Atlantic, I was loafing about watching with considerable amusement the arrival of passengers, for the most part excited, worried and the prey of porters and cabmen, who seem to be troubled with no more perfections in Liverpool than in the metropolis. A lighted cigar was between my lips and I was trying to enjoy it—for judging from old experience of my sensations in a rough sea, I did not anticipate much comfort for the next two or three days at least—when a very ordinary-looking man, evidently a commercial traveler for a cutting-house, walked up and asked me for a light, staring at me the while in so offensive a manner that as I handed him my cigar I glanced down at his left hand to see that it was not meddling with my watch chain.

"Looks like a commercial, but may be a pick-pocket," I said—mentally, of course—while he puffed at his cigar, putting mine out in the process.

"Going across?" he said, abruptly, and, to use what would probably have been his expression, took stock of me the while.

"Sir?"

"Going across?"—the pond—Helvellyn?" he said again, coolly, and nodding his head toward the great steaming and snorting vessel.

"My cigar—thanks!" I said, in a tone meant to be perfectly Belgravian in its hauteur, as I turned aside; for I had met the appeal of a pair of dark eyes—a lady was in distress, and between porters and baggage, apparently perfectly bewildered.

"Are you going on board?" I asked.

"Yes, oh yes," said the owner of the eyes, eagerly. "Are you connected with the steamer, sir?"

"Er—no, not exactly," I said, taken somewhat aback; and I felt disposed to say: "Do I look as if I was?"

"Allow me, though—*these men!*"

"Yes, yes," said the lady; "they ask six shillings for bringing my luggage from the station. Is it correct?"

"Absurd! No," I said, "half a crown is ample." And espousing the lady's cause, I dismissed the ravenous monsters who prey upon the unprotected, and then sent her luggage on board the Helvellyn, casting more than once a glance aside, to see that my new acquaintance was tall, with handsome, well-marked features, very lady-like and dressed in the first fashion.

"Seems odd," I thought, "traveling quite alone. Strong-minded woman, perhaps."

But this latter thought was set aside the next mament as I handed her along the gangway; for there was a quiet, earnest, trusting look in her dark eyes, and the answers she gave to my entreaties that she would not be alarmed at the rushing water, the uneasy motion of the steamer, and the pushing, excited crowd, were graceful in the extreme. I felt flattered, and not at all sorry that such a companion was to share my voyage.

"If you would lead me to the cabin where I could see the stewardess," she said, and I immediately handed her to the saloon door, where she turned frankly to hold out a well-gloved hand. "I am indeed much obliged. I am obliged to travel alone, but my husband will meet me upon landing at New York and he will, I know, be extremely grateful for your kindness.

The next moment I was standing alone, confounding her husband and appealing to the fates to know why another should have first seen and secured about the only woman who seemed likely to form an agreeable sharer of my pilgrimage through life.

"Nice to be a young, smart-looking fellow," said a voice, and turning, there stood the bagman, puffing away at the cigar and staring at me with all his might, though, probably from business habit, he was referring from time to time to a pocket-book he held in his hands. "Now, you know, I never make an impression like that on a lady. I never find the sex asking my protection and all that sort of thing. Very nice, though, I should think; isn't it?"

He accompanied his last words with the slighest approach to a wink, and, closing the book, he poked me with it in the side, when I felt so annoyed that I angrily turned upon my heel, and walked to the side, watching the arrival of late passengers; but to my great disgust, he followed me, and, heedless of my frowning looks, continued his scrutiny.

I tried very hard to get rid of him, but snubbing was thrown away. Apparently he could not understand that his conduct was obtrusive, and at last, making a virtue of necessity, I suffered him, and he literally hooked on to me.

But all the same he seemed to have a shrewd business eye; and, while carefully keeping close to me, he scrutinized all who came on board, till the time for starting had arrived. The cable was cast loose, the screw revolved slowly, then stopped, then revolved again, and the vessel began grandly to move forward, the passengers waving their adieux as they clustered by the side. Then, once more the bagman stared me full in the face, looked undecided, walked through the throng on deck, got in the sailors' way, stared in face after face, as a dog who sought his master, and then, in the same undecided manner, returned to me, and stopped by my side, as if about to speak; but directly after he checked himself, and drew out the cigar.

"How very soon the motion of the vessel begins to affect you!" he said, with a smile.

"Affects you, you mean," I replied.

"Yes, exactly. Curious, though, ain't it? Seems as if nature never meant us to love the land of our fathers—the place of our birth, as the song says, eh? Ever been across before?"

"Yes, twice," I said, sharply; then I walked away, for now, closely veiled, I had seen the figure of my lady friend emerging from the saloon door; and, upon my going up and asking concerning her welfare, she made on demur about taking my arm and walking up and down the deck.

I must confess that I thought very little of the scene around, though I kept, on the strength of old recollections, pointing out the various familiar objects we were passing; for I had the idea in my head that the remark my companion had made was not the truth; in short, I did not believe that there would be any husband awaiting her upon the quay at New York, and, after all, it was but a bold subterfuge by which a single and unprotected woman wished to shroud herself in the respect paid to the married of her sex.

That she was respectable was undoubted; but there was a timid, shrinking way about her, so different from the quiet self possession of a married lady, and I felt assured that no one whose husband awaited her upon the quay at New York would so readily lay herself open to remark by accepting my arm on so short an acquaintance.

"Is—is that a—a friend of yours?" *suddenly asked my companion.*

"Friend—friend of mine?" I said, in a puzzled way. "No, I have no friends on board—at least, only one, I hope," I added, meaningly.

"I—I thank you," was the hesitating reply in the most gentle of tones. "Compelled as we are to rely upon the society of so few during a sea voyage, friendships do soon spring up?"

"But to whom were you alluding?" I said.

"Oh, it is nothing. I—but I am very weak and foolish—I fancied that the man—the gentleman you were talking to—was watching us rather particularly."

"Yes, yes. I dare say. I think, though, it is habit. He looked just as earnest at me a short time ago, and he has been staring at every one in turn. You don't think he is looking after a runaway young lady, do you?" I added, laughingly.

In an instant my arm was dropped, and though the evil was done, my companion's eyes seemed to flash fire as she half turned round toward me.

I never professed to be very penetrating, but I was keen enough to see that I had touched upon a chord which kept bent the two ends of a bow of mystery. I saw, too, that but for careful management the advance I had made in the good graces of an admirable woman would be destroyed in the instant.

"Pray excuse my impertinent remark," I exclaimed, eagerly. "The words were meaningless, and uttered without forethought."

My companion, apparently reassured, took my arm once more, and uttered a little, low laugh.

"Meaningless, indeed; but for a moment I thought—"

She did not finish her sentence, for at that moment my commercial acquaintance passed close by us, gave me a familiar nod and a smile, wafted a cloud of smoke into the lady's face, and walked on.

"Such consummate impertinence!" I said. You would hardly think that I have never seen that man before today."

"Acquaintances do spring up rather rapidly sometimes," was the meaning reply; and I glanced down, but the speaker's head was slightly averted, and it seemed to me that she spoke in husky tones.

For the next three days the number of passengers who showed on deck was strictly limited, in consequence of the state of the weather, and really the offices of steward and stewardess could have been no sinecure. For my part, I can now only own to being quailish on the second day, and I paced the deck hopefully, in anticipation of the advent of my lady friend. But go on deck when I would, I was certain to encounter the cool, easy, assured nod of the bagman, whose consumption of cigars must have been enormous. He was as free and obtrusive as ever; but one evening, just as it was turning dark, I had the pleasure of smoking my pipe in peace; for I saw him in deep conversation with a man I had hardly noticed before, from the fact of his being one of the second-class passengers.

To my great astonishment, though, after I had gone into the saloon, the bagman came strolling in, followed a short time after by the man to whom he had been speaking; and this latter seated himself on the opposite side of the table in an abstracted matter, sat thinking for a while, and then slowly walked past me and out of the saloon door, softly shaking his head. The next two days passed pleasantly enough, for, though unwilling to come on deck, the lady passenger was nearly recovered, and many a pleasand tete-a-tete I enjoyed. I found her most lady-like, and thoroughly well-informed, while, as our acquaintance warmed, if I may use the term, into something that was at least friendship, I was delighted to find that mine had indeed been a true surmise, for she confessed to having determined to travel as Mrs. Saville, there being no husband to meet her at New York, only a brother.

Perhaps I did plume myself upon my shrewdness, at all events that night, after winning from her so singular an avowal. I listened that evening to the remarks of a passenger respecting the tedium of the trip with a sense of lofty contempt; for I began to feel that I was very far gone, and the Atlantic seemed to me the brighest of seas, overborne by the bluest of skies. I was, in fact, in such a state of ecstasy that I went on deck to look at the stars for an hour before seeking my berth; for Miss Saville—Saville, what an old and aristocratic name—had retired, or how glorious it would have been, in that clear, diamond illumined night, to have watched the sparkling of the spray, and—

Was I mistaken? Had she not parted from me a quarter of an hour before to retire to rest? and now the veiled figure that glided by me, was not this she?

Impossible! I laughed the next moment, for I knew that in the hasty glimpse I had obtained I had invested another with the attributes of her I loved.

Yes, I loved her. I was ready to own it now; and I leaned thoughtfully over the bulwark, going over the incidents of the past day or so, and making up my mind as to my future proceedings; for I had not lost all feelings of prudence. I wanted to know something of the lady's antecedents and connections—matters that I concluded could easily be arrived at in conversation the next day.

I was standing quite in the shadow beneath one of the quarter-boats, and I had just turned with the intention of descending, when some one passed me whom I recognized to be the second class passenger, and then for a few moments I heard a low, murmured conversation at a short distance, when the man passed me again, going forward.

Five minutes after, I was at the saloon door, when a hearty clap on the shoulder made me turn, to find that it was the bagman, who laughed softly at my angry face, and then added to his former obstrusiveness by thrusting his into my side, as he whispered to me—

"I say, my lad, I'm going to open your eyes for you to-morrow, so look out. There, don't be uppish; come and have a cigar up in the bows—just one before you turn in."

"I am much obliged," I said, "but I am going to my berth."

"Just as you like," was the nonchalant reply, and he turned away.

"Let me see," said the captain at breakfast next morning; "where's my friend who sits third down on the left—Mr. Lister. Steward, go up and see if Mr. Lister is unwell again—no; not again, because he seemed to be an old sailor—see if he's in his cabin."

The steward returned with a reply in the negative; when, supposing him to be on deck, the breakfast was brought to an end, and Mr. Lister, or, as I call him, the bagman, was forgotten.

The day passed and evening had arrived, when, as I was sitting in sweet intercourse with Miss Saville, rumor's busy tongues began to announce that Mr. Lister was missing.

I immediately recalled his promise to open my eyes that day, and also that he had invited me to go forward with him to smoke a cigar, and, I knew not why, a strange feeling of interest made me leave my seat and apologize to Miss Saville, who bowed stiffly and went below, while I walked forward to a group to find the subject in full discussion. Two of the watch had seen him go forward with a lighted cigar between his lips, and perch himself close to the bowsprit, but they could not recollect seeing him come back, though one man had some faint idea of something black close to him, but was not sure.

More excited groups formed, and I soon found that a search had been made through the steamer, and that the captain was in great trouble respecting the missing man, for all pointed to one fact—that the poor fellow had chosen a dangerous position, and had, without giving the alarm, slipped and fallen into the sea, to be borne under in an instant, by the huge cut-water of the vessel.

I shuddered, for I thought that, had I accepted his invitation, I might have seen him fall, and, if powerless to stay him, still have given the alarm, perhaps in time for a boat to have been launched.

"Can any gentleman afford any information?" said the captain, addressing the group where I stood.

"I can only add," I said, "the corroborative testimony that Mr. Lister invited me to go forward with him, but I declined."

You did not go forward with him?" said the captain.

"No," I replied, "and I have no recollection of seeing him come back into the saloon. But stop," I said, for I had suddenly encountered a close, searching gaze directed at me, "there is a gentleman here who was talking to Mr. Lister late last night." And I pointed to the second-class passenger.

"How do you know?" he said, calmly, regardless of the many eyes fixed upon him.

"Because I stood by one of the quarter-boats when you came aft to speak to him, and I also saw you go back."

"Quite right," said the second-class passenger.

"Did you know Mr. Lister?" said the captain.

"Yes, I knew him," said the other, calmly.

"There seems to be some mystery here," said the captain. "Was he a friend of yours?"

"Yes," was the almost abrupt reply; and then, after a moment's silence, the second-class passenger walked quietly up to the captain, took him by a button, led him apart, and whispered a few words in his ear.

I saw the captain give a slight start, stare hard at the man, and then apparently ask a question, when, whatever was the answer, he seemed satisfied, and gave orders for a further search, which was, however, futile.

I was not alone in directing curious glances at the second-class passenger, but he was a quiet, dry-looking, close-shaven man, with an apparent power of shutting himself up within himself, and he paced the deck to and fro, with his hands behindhim, in a furtive, thoughtful way, till all searching was at an end and the conclusion arrived at that our luckless fellow-passenger had met his fate.

I noticed that the quiet man's eyes were fixed on me as I went to the saloon, and on going to where Miss Saville was seated, a strange feeling made me turn my head for an intant, to see that he was watching me from the door, but he disappeared on the instant.

Full of the event, I was about to tell all I knew to my companion, but with a show of real horror she held up her hands, begging me to forbear.

"It is too direful!" she exclaimed, "I cannot bear it. I know all; I have heard all. Poor man, here and in health last night, and now—pray, pray say no more about it."

She was excessively pale and agitated; so much so, indeed, that I summoned the steward to bring wine, for I was afraid the poor girl would faint, and she drank a glass with avidity, shuddering afterward, while cold perspiration stood in beads upon her forehead.

I proposed to walk on deck, but it was declined; and to my great sorrow the shock had such an effect upon her that she was confined to her cabin to the end of her rather protracted voyage.

But the morning was bright as we came in sight of land; and as we slowly steamed in I found to my great joy that Miss Saville was once more visible, I was not prepared for the constraint with which my advances were met.

I asked myself had I neglected anything; had I fallen off in warmth. But no lover could have been more attentive or assiduous to her welfare. I felt wounded; but I was determined not to show it, and almost in opposition to her wishes I saw to her luggage, and, brother or no brother waiting, determined to see her to her home.

I was ready to upbraid her for her coquetry, but refrained, feeling that it was possible that she had taken my attentions as being merely intended to last the voyage and at last, cold and constrained, we stood close together, for in another ten minutes would be debarking.

Happening to gaze around, I suddenly became aware of the second class passenger standing close at my elbow, and I could not avoid a start—one which made Miss Saville turn wonderingly to me, at the same time holding her veil closely to her face, for the breeze was blowing rather brisk.

"It was nothing,' I said: "but pray, Miss Saville, allow me to carry that bag, it seems too heavy." And I pointed to the little black bag she carried in her hand.

"No, no; I thank you, so. Indeed, sir, I can dispense with your offers of service," she said.

"As you please, madam," I said, sharply, for there was a harshness in her voice that jarred bitterly, and I felt that it was undeserved.

"Let me carry it, Frank Smith," said a grating voice that had a saw-sharpening sound in its cutting tones. And in a moment the bag was wrested from Miss Saville's hand and thrown heavily upon the deck. Then followed a sudden scuffle, and I saw her bounce back against the bulwark and the same grating voice exclaimed: "Stay your hand, or by—, sir, I'll fire.

There was a swaying about, a sharp struggle, and I was about to throw myself on the second-class passenger—a ruffian, who was committing an outrageous assault upon my fellow-passenger, when a strong hand dragged me back, just as there arose a sharp "click click," and, dizzy with surprise, I saw the wretch drag a revolver from Miss Saville's fettered hand as she lay torn and dishevelled upon the deck.

"I had not breath to speak before, my friend," said the second class passenger, panting as he rose from one knee; "but for your information, Mr. Frank Smith, I hold a warrant for your apprehension. Bank robbery, gentlemen; cool $20,000; but I'm in hopes it is all here." And he took up the bag that lay upon the deck.

"Stand up, sir," he said the next minute, as he assisted his prisoner to rise and tore off the veil. "Very clever; very well done, indeed, this false hair; and the chignon is very be coming, sir. I must do you the credit of saying that you took me in, while poor Matthews hadn't a suspicion; but was rather down on the friend."

"Take me out of this," said a hoarse voice, and I would have turned and fled; but I felt myself wedged in among the crowd, for it seemed impossible that the flushed face, veined and knotted with disappointment and rage, could have been that which deluded me through the voyage.

"All right, sir, as soon as we can get an officer from the shore. But there, you need not mind for a few minutes."

"Take me below," was the husky, imploring petition next uttered; and the officer was yielding, when a passenger exclaimed:

"But you are sure you are right, officer?"

"Right, sir? I'm right enough, and I hope there's nothing blacker against him; for there is the death of my poor mate to clear up yet. It seems strange that he should disappear the very same night on which our friend here suspected that he was found out; and it seems stranger still that he should have settled down so quietly after, and never show at all when the officer who suspected him was gone, for he did not know I was on board."

I glanced once more at the deathly pale face as the detective led his prisoner below; and then, giddy with the rush of thought through my brain, I made my way back to my cabin to stay till the other passengers were ashore, when I hastened to a hotel; but not, as I hoped, unseen, for I encountered the officer just returning from placing his prisoner in security.

He took me by the button, just as he had seized the captain, and held me for a few moments.

"There, you need not be ashamed, young man," he said, with a dry smile; "he's got about as womanish a face as I ever saw, and his disguise was as clever as it was possible to be. I was hard pushed, but felt pretty sure, and at the last I got one look that settled it. There's a resemblance between you that had he put on a good beard, would have made him look a deal like you, and it was that which made my poor mate have his suspicions of some one else; but, anyhow, fourteen years will make him rather different and he won't come the petticoats again.

"Fourteen years?" said I.

"Yes, perhaps more, for it's a bad case—confidential clerk."

We parted, and I saw no more of the police officer. From the report of the trial, though, I learned that the police had certain information that the culprit would sail from Liverpool in the Helvellyn, though his disguise had been nearly clever enough to throw dust in the keen eyes of every one. I was only twenty then—a fact which I plead as an excuse for my want of discernment, and no doubt I formed in the culprit's eyes a capital screen, and one which would make it almost impossible for his sex to be for an instant doubted.

The sergeant was right; the prisoner was brought back to the scene of his depredations and fourteen years was his reward. As to the work of that dark night—whether Sergeant Mathews, otherwise Mr. Lister, met with foul play, and was sent to his death by a push in the dark—the mystery, if mystery there was, lay a secret between Frank Smith, prisoner at the bar, and him who was forever dumb.

A Splendid Work of Art.

GENEVA, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Accepting an invitation one evening recently from F. M. Tuttle to call at his residence on Main street, we were ushered by that gentleman into his studio, and were shown one of the best oil paintings it was ever our good fortune to behold. The subject, a scriptural one, was taken from First Kings, 21: 11–24 inclusive, and represents the Prophet Elijah reproving King Ahab, and his wife, Jezebel, for their wickedness in causing the death of Naboth, owner of a vineyard adjoining Ahab's, and which the latter wished to purchase or exchange for another. Failing to gain honorable possession by fair means, at the instigation of his wife he caused Naboth to be stoned to death, and for this sin he is confronted by Eljiah, when he came down to take possession of the same. Alighted from the royal chariot and attended by man and maid servants they stand grouped in the central fore of the ground, Ahab sorely troubled in his countenance, Jezebel sullen and defiant, alarm and fear depicted in the faces of the attendants, the impatient steeds one of whom reared aloft requires the utmost care of the attending soldier to keep within bounds, while Eljiah with outstretched arms is pronouncing the doom which shall befall them; birds of prey in the air, a heap of ruins to the left, indicating a fallen and deserted city, are all depicted with a fidelity to nature rarely equaled, while the shimmering light of the Jordan in the distance and the domes and spires of a city among the hills in the back ground, afford a pleasing contrast to the terror-stricken occupants depicted in the front. The whole group of figures, seven in number, will bear the closest inspection, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the finest scene ever depicted by a Geneva artist.—*Elmira Telegram.*

JOLIET, ILL., ITEMS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If not too crowded, allow me to correct one or two statements made on the 3d of January, by "Humpty Dumpty." The late deceased, George Kaiser, of Reading, Pa., was born in Germany, and came to the United States at the age of fifteen.

Mrs. Rose Snyder, late of Joliet, Ill., went back to Reading, Pa., on a count of "ill health," not "Homesickness," as it was reported by "Humpty Dumpty."

Mr. B. L. Hendericks was sent to his brother-in-law at Woodstock, Ill., shortly after the mills were shut down, thus he remained away only a month, and received word from his aged mother that he was to come back and work in the mills, so he speedily came back only to be disappointed. Thence he went around town in search of employment. At one establishment where he asked for work at shoemaking, he was imformed that "Shoemaking has gone to the dogs," so he gave up searching for work and resolved to remain idle till the mills start up.

Miss Mattie Gottschalg is one of the strongest and best females in Joliet. She can dig in the garden, plow the soil, drive mules and milk cows for her pa. She also helped her pa to butcher three mammoth porkers. During the holidays she won a prize by threading a needle in a jug at the Chicago Levee.

The Joliet Rolling Mills are shut down on account of repairs. They are busy repairing day and night, and will start up as soon as possible, which will probably be on the first of March. There are three mutes thrown out of employment.

Mr. Christian Snyder is well known in the Solar Stove Works, and is a fine Stove Moulder, but he is better known among his fellow workmen as "Dick-Punch."

The Solar Stove Works have also shut down since the holidays. They will start up very soon, and "Dick-Punch" will be glad to go back to take the golden eggs from the hen every Saturday and send them to the part of State where "Humpty Dumpty" lives.

Christmas day was very pleasantly spent in Joilet by the mutes. They had a fine time in Miss Agnes Sartori's home. Several games were played all day, such as "Checkers, Path to Matrimony, Cards," etc., etc. Late in the evening, "Cæsar" and "Dick-Punch," left for their home, and on Friday, the 28th of December, they made a tour for the West on business, and had no time to attend the Chicago Levee and Pas-a-Pas Club Reception, but they are back at home again now and will visit their friends in Chicago soon.

On the 17th of last December, George Adams's Humpty Dumpty troupe, were a Joliet, and three of our mutes had a good view of them. These present were Messrs. Christ Synder, Julius G. Krafft and Miss Agnes Sartori.

Some of the Joliet mutes are dissatisfied because Rev. Frank Read, of Jacksonville, Ill., demands the contribution of $5.00 in advance. We never knew a Reverend gentleman to ask for his expenses in advance, Jesus Christ never preached for gold. So we need him not. But Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann is always welcomed whenever he comes to Joliet.

NOBODY'S CLAIM.

JOLIET, ILL., Jan. 24, '84.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1884.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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What Will Help the Deaf-Mutes.

PUBLIC interest is just at present being directed towards industrial education. While the importance of having a branch for industrial instruction connected with the public schools for hearing children is generally recognized, no decided steps in the matter have as yet been taken. The following, clipped from the editorial columns of the New York *Mail and Express*, will be of interest to our readers, and will probably be the means of making many a deaf-mute now at school appreciate the advantages which he possesses for acquiring a knowledge of some trade.

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

It is well known that the sons of Israel are more fond of traffic than of manual toil, but fifty Jewish boys less than fifteen years of age are now receiving instruction in the rudiments of trades in the Hebrew Technical Institute in East Broadway, and the fact is significant. In St. Louis a manual training school is in such good repute, although recently started, that a citizen has just made a bequest of $40,000 for its benefit, and in Chicago a model building has been provided for an industrial school, the intention being to furnish industrial instruction in all the city's public schools if the experiment is successful. A few months ago the Senate Subcommittee on Education and Labor earnestly recommended better provision for the instruction of the youths of New York in the rudiments of trades, and almost everywhere the feeling is growing that more attention should be given to industrial education. In Germany and some other European countries even members of the royal family, of both sexes, are required to thoroughly master some trade, and until the same requirement is made of children in all lands and in all conditions of life, their education will not be what it should be. Why is our city making no test of industrial instruction as a feature of our public school system?

But, while the institutions for the deaf and dumb may say that they already have solved this industrial education problem, few of them can be unaware of the fact that the provisions are altogether too meagre, and that the industrial departments are "starved" into a state of incompetency that is very discouraging. The great bugbear of the shops is the tendency to estimate their usefulness by the receipts and expenditures. Not long ago, we saw a circular asking for information as to the trades department of the New York Institution. The question which appeared the most important (judging by its prominence) was whether or not the shops paid their own expenses. Now, assuming that the trades department of an institution has been created for the purpose of instructing the pupils, is it just the proper thing to expect that their education will cost nothing? The fact is, this dollars and cents method of appreciation is what has kept many a deaf-mute in the background in after life, and has been the cause of nearly all the cases of begging and "alphabet-card" peddling that has brought the deaf and dumb into disrepute with thousands upon thousands of hearing people. The teachers (?) in the industrial departments should possess the qualifications necessary to instruct those apprentices who are placed under their care. To select a man as master of a shop, merely because he understands the trade over which he is to preside, is like selecting a teacher for the class-room simply on the score of his education. Adaptability to his position is as important in one case as in the other. The true method of raising the deaf-mute to a level with hearing persons, is to make him their equal in competence and ability to earn an independent livelihood. If he has a good teacher and plenty of material to work with, there is no obstacle in the way of his becoming a first-class workman at some useful trade. But we must have teachers of energy and ability, capable not only of instructing, but also of imparting enthusiasm to their pupil apprentices. What matters it if a few dollars more or less be expended, so long as the lifelong comfort and happiness of hundreds of deaf-mutes is assured?

TREASURER WEEKS, of the Gallaudet Statue Fund, has sent in his report too late for the present issue. It is more encouraging than the previous report. It will appear in next week's JOURNAL.

NEXT Wednesday night will witness the closing grand levee of the season, at least so far as New York deaf-mutes are concerned. The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union will hold forth with fun and frolic in Irving Hall. The entertainment will be a strictly first-class ball, and it is hoped that the patronage of all New York deaf-mutes will give it zest and interest. The question of tickets for checking clothing has been settled, as will be seen by a reference to the official announcement of the chairman in the present issue. The chief of the great Tammany wigman, Hon. John Kelly, is expected to be present and inhale the antagonistic atmosphere of Irving Hall. Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, and several other distinguished gentlemen, will lend dignity to the occasion. Altogether, every prospect for a decorous and pleasant entertainment is affored by the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union at its levee on Wednesday evening next.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

David S. Viley called at the home of the Butchers, in Bryant, Ind., and also visited Mrs. C. Shepherds. He had a pleasant time.

Peter B. Butcher, of Bryant Ind., went to Michigan recently to visit relatives. He is now working in a large stove factory in Portland, Ind.

Rev. Dr. Bulison and Rev. Mr. Mann conducted a combined service at St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, on Monday morning, January 20th, with a full congregation,

Hezekiah Winslow, father of J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., and Wm. A. Winslow, of Rockford, Ill., died suddenly on January 18th, aged 73 years.

Charley Jackson, of Decatur, Ind., has gone to St. Louis, Mo., on a visit to relatives, He will remain two or three weeks, after which he expects to go to Indianapolis.

Miss Prudence E. Burchard, of Oxford, has taken the position of instructor of articulation at the Central Institution for Deaf-Mutes in this city.—*Rome, N. Y., Sentinel, Jan. 22.*

David S. Eis, of New Corydon, Ind., possesses a bicycle. He had a narrow escape from being killed recently. He was riding in a sleigh, carrying a loaded shot-gun, when it accidentally went off.

A colored deaf-mute man was arrested last week in Baltimore, Md, for masquerading in the streets in female clothing. He wrote in answer to the questions of the justice that he was from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Annie E. Irwin (Webb) would like to know the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Tousley. She was their schoolmate in the American Institution at Hartford, Conn. She also wishes to know the address of Miss Sylvia W. Hathaway.

John and Wm. Weavers, mutes, of Blakeville, Pa., worked at the saw-mill, near Marionville since June, but they are out of work now. They are about to get work at another mill It is rumored that the former is going to marry Miss Agnes Berry, a mute, of Sharpsville, Pa., next year.

Mr. David Kennedy, formerly a pupil at the Columbia Institute for Deaf and Dumb at Washington, D. C., and also the Maryland School for Deaf and Dumb, living near Havre de Grace, Md., has bought a fine and small farm near Peach Bottom, Pa. He paid $2,000 cash for it. He is a respectful and well known farmer in Harford County, Md. He has moved there since he bought it. We wish him success and happiness.

Mr. J. H. Winslow of North Stockholm, N. Y., attended the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart. They received about $40 worth of presents. Mr. Winslow had a hard time getting there, as it was very stormy, and the snow was badly drifted. He afterwards went to Malone, N. Y., where he met Dr. Gallaudet and Mr H. C. Rider, who are trying to have an Institution for Deaf-Mutes established there.

Aaron M. Hedden, of Palmyra, is in Newark, N. Y., assisting Mr. Frank Keller to build a new house. Mr. H. is one of the old-time carpenters, having worked at that trade twenty years in his younger days, but is now engaged in farming. Mr. Frank Keller will be remembered by some of our readers as semi-mute, who married Miss Ella Sprague, of Rochester, N. Y., four years ago this spring. Mr. K., although quite deaf, makes Learning a very profitable business.

The members of the Manhattan Literary Association do not seem to be over enthusiastic in regard to the affairs of their organization. All of them had been notified that nominations of new officers, to be balloted for at the first meeting in February, would take place on Thursday evening last, yet after waiting until 9 o'clock, there were just twelve members present—two more then a quorum. The business of the evening began immediately. For President, some six or seven names were mentioned, but all declined to run. Finally A. Ekartd and Sol. Cornelius were nominated. This same want of interest extended to all officers, except one. At last Fred. Hoffman and Henry Frey consented to run for 1st Vice-President, Louis Lowenstein and Charles Bryan for 2nd Vice President. Nobody wanted to be secretary, but by a trick which would be creditable to a "shyster," the names of Fred. Hoffman and G. L. Reynolds were posted as candidates for the office. The last mention gentleman does not want the place, and will not accept it if elected. One of the trustees of the association, nominated Emil Basch for treasurer. No opposition. For Sergeant-at-Arms, everybody nominated most everybody else for the office, finally Charles Haar (who was not present) carried off the cake. With officers nominated as above described, it seems utterly impossible for the once proud and influential Manhattan Literary Association to prosper—*Cor.*

Deaf-mutes will be sorry to learn that Rev. Dr. Syle, of Philadelphia, came near meeting a serious accident two weeks ago on Wednesday night. He had just returned from Trenton, N. J., and was standing on the side walk on 16th St. near Filbert, near the the elevated railroad, waiting for a horse-car, when suddenly a sleigh ran into him, knocking him from off his feet. We are glad to know that no serious injury was done.

Mr. David C. Smith, of Raccoon, Pa., has sold his old sleigh and bought a new one for $40. He has a good time riding almost constantly.

Mr. Louis Bischof, of Crawfordsville, Ind., will visits his sister, Miss Carrie Bischof, at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 3d of February.

Mr. Robert C. Heller, of Rieglesville, N. J., has bought himself a new sleigh. He can be seen riding out every evening with C. DeLory.

It is reported about Newark that Mr. C. DeLory is engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady in Newark, some time this summer.

Miss Mary Wilbur, of Fall River, Mass., has got a permanent position as housemaid in Providence, R. I. She was gladly welcomed by the Providence mutes.

A grand entertainment and social under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes of Lowell, will be held at the Y. M. C. Association rooms. Barrister's Hall, opposite the Post Office, Lowell, Mass., on Thursday, February 21st, 1884.

Miss Maggie J. Barrs, of Harshaville, Pa., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Smith, of Raccoon, Pa., and expects to remain there a few weeks. The Rev. S. Telford, of Hanover, Pa., is her brother-in-law.

Mr. W. A. Briel and his sister spent a week with their uncle, at Holland, N. Y., and also visiting their cousins, of North Holland, and had an enjoyable time. They expect to visit Holland again, when Mr. J. Schlageter will be there.

Philip Smith, a stone carver, of Chicago, joined the union of stone cutters and carvers of Chicago, and was fined eighty dollars. He hopes to get a job in the union shops before long. He had a deaf-mute friend named Johnson, of Aurora, Ill., staying with him for a week. He came from England twelve months ago, and is a silver finisher.

A surprise party, headed by Mrs. Finch, of Dalton, Pa., and Miss Maggie Meacham, of Montrose, Pa., was given to Mr. and Mrs. Willie P. Austin, at their home in Brooklyn, Pa., on the 1st of January. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hollister, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Tiffany, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Tiffany, Mrs. Willis Main, and Mr. A. Main. The company number forty two persons, who were treated to rich cakes, honey crackers, assorted cake, pie, etc. When they broke up at a late hour, and parted for their several homes, pleasant recollections of their visit accompanied them.

The New York *Times*, which published the names of the prize winners at the late poultry show in New York City, says: Messrs. Newell & Haight, of Goshen, N. Y., won first prize for Cochins and several other prizes. On January 29th, the paper says in reference to a hen which was on exhibition: "The hen is accommodated in an 'Excelsior' coop, that has all the conveniences of a modern flat. It is owned by two deaf and dumb men, who are partners, at Goshen. They are Messrs. Newell and Haight, and they have been selected by the Directors of the Exhibition to judge the incubator in order that the clamor of the owners may not have any effect upon their powers of discrimination." Profs. Van Tassel and Clarke, of the New York school, attended the exhibition on Saturday, the former named gentleman meeting both Haight and Newell.

NOTICE.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes will, hereafter and until farther, hold its meetings at Tuttle's Hall, (2d door, front) No. 198 Grand st, Williamsburg, on Wednesday evenings in each week. Non-members will be charged a small price for admission.

By order of the President
GEO. L. REYNOLDS
Secretary PRO TEM.

Brooklyn. Jan. 23th. 1884.

CLEVELAND NOTES.

Mrs. Hanson, of Oberlin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Sawhill, of Pittsburg, Mr. G. Reading, formerly of Pittsburg, but now of Cleveland, Miss Strong, of Toledo, and other mutes in this city, attended here the nuptial ceremony, conducted by Rev. Mr. Hinkle, assisted by Rev. Mr. Mann, at Grace Church, of Mr. Hayes, of West Virginia, and Miss G. Smith, of this city, on December 25th.

Mr. A. H. Schory dropped in upon "Romanzo" on his way home, December 23d. He has been home fourteen summers, but not fourteen falls nor fourteen winters nor fourteen springs.

Mr. J. Viets has returned home to Cleveland from Chicago, where he has been over one year, and he intends to remain here with his mother, as she lives alone.

Mr. J. Pelton, a first-class ladies' shoe maker, had been blessed with rest by a vacation of three weeks, and meanwhile he visited his parents and relatives out of the city, and has now resumed work.

Mr. G. Reading, who used to work in the rolling mills at Braddock, Pa., with Mr. C. Sawhill, has returned to visit his parents here, and has succeeded in securing a situation in the boot and shoe factory where Mr. Pelton is working.

On the 17th inst., an excellent lecture on Prof. Bell's article about articulation for deaf-mutes, was made by Rev. Mr. Mann, before a large audience of mutes, in the Guild Room belonging to Trinity Church. No one failed to enjoy discussing whether all the mutes should be deprived of signs and be taught how to speak by sound.

Misses Weisman and Strong called on Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carroll, on the 20th inst., spent a pleasant evening in chatting, and returned home with happy thoughts. Miss Strong, who has been in the city for a long time, is about to return home near Toledo.

Mrs. Mann made a pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carroll on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst. She looks much better after a sickness of three weeks.

Mr. H. Bard, who had been laying off for a month on account of the vacation, is glad to resume work. He says: "I don't like to be idle."

John Breen, of Philadelphia, was in town on the 8th inst, and had obtained a place in the shoe factory and agreed to go to work the following morning. He soon found out that there was Pelton working in the same room, so he left city.

James Weason, of New York, (tramp?) recently called on M. Mennche—and went out.

Our next Social will held at Mr. C. Meyer's residence, on February 22d. All are invited.

There will be a pleasant gathering of mutes in the Guild Room on Thursday evening, February 14th. The next lecture by Rev. Mr. Mann will be delivered. The subject is unknown to the writer. All are invited.

ROMANZO.

JERSEY JOTS.

R. T. Bailey appeared at Miss Elizabeth Williams a few weeks ago, after a long absence. All were glad to see him, and had a pleasant conversation with him.

Geo. H. W. VanNess, a graduate of the New York Institution, is working in a large shoe manufactory. He has been there since he left school. He is a burnisher, and gets twelve dollars a week.

Alfred A. Bousfield, of Newark, works for the Domestic Sewing Machine Co. He has a steady job and gets good pay.

Thomas Stewart works in Iron Foundry. Work has been dull for a few weeks. He is boarding at Mr. Peter Housel's. Mr. Housel works for Meeker & Hedden, in the moulding department, on fine wood work. He is a first-class workman, and gets good pay. He has one hearing and two deaf and dumb children.

Mr. Graham, a colored deaf-mute, is working in Orange, N. J. He graduated from the American Asylum some years ago.

Mr. Jacob Gotthaimer, a deaf and dumb hatter, lives in Orange, and is doing very well. He has a fine new house of his own.

Frank Lenox, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution and a schoolmate of Miss Mary L. Bennet, is running about Orange for a good situation. He expects to be a printer in the Orange *Journal* office.

Minnie Blaurock, a former pupil of Fanwood, has not been to the New Jersey School yet. She is at home helping her mother, and will go to school in the fall. She has a little sister, named Ida. after her beloved teacher, Miss Ida Montgomery.

Miss Mary Somers and her hearing sister, of Newark, visited her old classmate, Misses Finn, of Orange, and remained with them for more than an hour.

W. S. Ersinger, of Newark, is a jewelry engraver. His business was very dull for three weeks, but now he has resumed work.

Miss Monica Schwan was seen, not long since, in the company of a gent, name withheld.

Charles West, an uneducated young man, of Bloomfield, N. J., is a farmer, and is looking for a good wife. He has a good bank account.

Misses Lizzie Crane and Grace Mills attend the deaf mutes' service in Newark regularly.

William Caldicott, of Newark, works on wood carving in New York City, and is doing very well. He has a brother and a sister who are deaf-mutes, and are at the New Jersey Institution.

Mrs. Phebe Bowdish is still living with her daughter, Mrs. Johnson, at Northfield, N. J.

Mr. William Pierson is in trouble again. His wife was arrested for taking an overcoat, and was sent to jail for thirty days.

Newark is troubled much by deaf and dumb peddlers coming from other states selling shoe-strings, matches, and manual alphabet cards. It would be much better to seek some other employment.

John Bennet has started business for himself, and is beginning to have plenty of work at carpentry. Hope he will meet with success, as he is a first class mechanic.

It was reported that a deaf-mute, named Howard, in this city some time ago, begging money to go to see his aged mother in the west. I saw in the "itemizer" that he was arrested. It won't do for him to come here again. All deaf-mutes that come here to beg will be reported to the Police by the hearing people. Then they will be brought before the mute residents to see whom they are, then will be fined.

Mr. and Mrs. Redman have a fine residence in Fourth St., Newark. Mr. Redman works for the Domestic Sewing Machine Co., and has been there for a number of years.

Mr. G. Delhagen, of Patterson, N. J., was seen standing by Wm. Titus' Cracker bakery.

It is reported that Miss Meilesbach, of Newark, is engaged to be married to a young gentleman in Pennsylvania.

At the deaf-mutes' service in Newark on Sunday, there were twenty-deaf-mutes present. I will mention their names in rotation: Misses Carrie Durbrow, Bessie Bousfield, Josephine VanPelt, Grace Mills, Emma Vincent, Carrie Meilesbach, Lizzie Crane, Frederika Bucher, Monica Schwan, Mary Somers, Mrs. Noe, and a lady, graduate of the old 44th Street school. She lives at Governor's Island. The gents that were present are Messrs. Waldron Halsey, Alfred Bousfield, Thomas Stewart, William Ersinger, Frank Lenox, Robert S. Bailey, Peter Housell, James Noe, George VanNess, William Cotter, John Bennet, Walter McDougal, and Reynolds, of Jersey City, and Powell, of Elizabeth.

Mrs. Daniel Ward and Misses Lizzie and Maggie Finn attended the deaf-mutes' service in New York City.

AULD SLEUTH.

ST. LOUIS.

Deaf-Mute Club's Meetings.

MISCELLANEOUS CHAFF.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

We pick up our rusty quill once more to endeavor to give the JOURNAL readers some news from the "future great," but we are afraid our task will be a dismal failure, for the reason that news seems as scarce as "hair on a bald headed man," just at present. No parties, weddings, dog fights, or anything exciting have occurred to break the dreary monotony of our existence.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club held its "regular as clock work" monthly business meeting, January 12th, with a full attendance of members. Nothing particularly interesting to the public at large occurred during the evening. W. T. Stafford distinguished himself by proposing the club should have a banquet that would eclipse anything of the kind ever held in the West. John Wolf seconded his motion (every one knows John loves a solid dinner) and the banquet passed with an overwhelming vote. J. J. Smith moved that the club give a shadow party in the near future—agreed to—and President Guss appointed Messrs. Beetle, Mulholland, Brown, McQuown and Smith, to look after the shadow party; also Messrs. Stafford, Wolf and Wolff as Committee on the banquet. Hugh Lamb, W. F. Campbell and Charles Wolff were made a committee of three, for reasons best known to the club. W. T. Campbell announced he had received information that Rev. Job Turner would be in the city, Monday, January 14th, and would probably lecture before the club, so they should be on hand at that time to welcome him. After the usual routine business, the club adjourned to meet again January 26th, at a special meeting.

Saturday, January 26th, all the chairs had a member in them to keep them warm, and the only public business transacted was the admission of Wm. Kriedeweiss as a member of the club, on motion of W. T. Campbell. Mr. Kriedeweiss made a few comical remarks in expressing his thanks, that sent the members into convulsions.

Somewhere near twenty-five lads and lassies assembled at the club room, Monday evening, January 21st, in expectation of seeing Rev. Job Turner, but never a glimpse or (as one disappointed young man remarked) smell of genial Job did they get, but we are sure it was no fault of his that he did not appear, and every one will be glad to have him come here as soon as possible. In the absence of Mr. Turner, the best story tellers of the club took turns in entertaining the ladies, and succeeded very well, we should judge, though the veteran, Roderick Mulholland, gave them more solid fun to the square inch than one else.

MISCELLANEOUS CHAFF.

A young gent hailing from the "quaker city," and giving the name of John Sorg, dropped into the Deaf-Mute club room last week and kept one of the chairs warm for several hours a day till lately, when he said he had secured a first class job as a varnisher, and when his financial (?) condition would admit he desired to join our "happy family." The prominent young men only smiled and think Mr. Sorg should give gilt edged references as to how he stands in Philadelphia. He claims to have wandered all over the United States in search of a job without success, until he struck this town. We hope he is honest in his intention of being a steady young man. Mr. Sorg is a good story teller, at least, if he has nothing else to reccommend him

Charlie Wolff mourns with the bitterest anguish of soul the loss of a fine silk umbrella, and solemnly vows he will chain the next "rain protector" he gets to his willowy form with a *solid* brass chain. It was some hearing gent who "nabbed" the umbrella.

Wm. Kriedeweiss is a young man just arrived from the land of sauer kraut and pretzels—Germany—and in the short time he has been in this city, he has made a host of friends by his manly qualities of head and heart. He is a very intelligent young man, and can talk in the sign-language nearly as well as any of the deaf-mutes. Last, but not least, William is very good looking, and has a first class job that brings the shekels to him rapidly. Now girls, this is leap year, and you all have a chance for him, so go ahead, but we are afraid a young lady in this town already has a first class mortgage on his affections—but we expect to have our checkered career cut short when that young man reads this.

Alex. Wright has come to St. Louis to stay, having secured a good place, and he will join the Deaf-Mute Club very soon. Alexander also intends to take a girl for better or worse—this is vouched for by a girl who has been in the market for years, and she says if he don't "pop" the question to her, she'll take advantage of leap year and "pop" it too him.

Wm. Stafford will raffle off a fine horse and wagon early in February, and several of the boys have invested in tickets in hope of capturing the rig. We hope one of them will, for the young man who owns a "hoss" and buggy during the spring and summer can catch more girls than mosquitoes.

Edgar Hazzard turned up at the club room to-day for the first time in months, and met a hearty welcome from every one who sympathized with him on account of his accident last summer. Edgar said one eye was gone, but as he has a good job, he grins and bears the loss as well as he can.

A broad grin swept over many of the mutes' mugs when Kerry Patch "blowed" he was the only deaf-mute in town that was before the civil service commission for examination—it is a solemn fact Kerry Patch, you were the only deaf-mute who thought it worth while to get examined, but but as you got left so badly in the examination, there is nothing remarkable to blow about. How often did you try to pass, and what percentage did you get in your studies; it's our candid opinion the worst donkey in the city could do better than him by trying. This is copyrighted by us:

Oh! wasn't it a cruel thing,
Oh! wasn't it an awful sin,
To see the way the examiners
Took poor littie Kerry Patch in?

Hugh P. Lamb blossomed out in a new suit that made a few of the young gents' eyes open wide, but he looked serenely indifferent to every one's remarks.

Kerry Patch contemplates getting a placard with the words, "I am open to offers," and carry it around town in hopes of getting a desirable girl. We don't think it necessary, as a sight of his aristocratic mug would scare all the girls away.

There is a mute from Kentucky employed here as a cigar maker, but he has not come to see the mutes yet, so we are in doubt as to his name.

It seems J. M. T. Davis and company were selling cards around town a short time, if not here yet, as a friend of ours bought one from a woman, who told him that her name was Mrs. Davis.

This is windy enough, so we will give the reader a rest till next time.

JIM JAMS.

January 27, '84.

Wilkes Barre, Pa., Jottings.

January is in all her glory, and her gifts of splendor are heartily enjoyed.

James Williams is about to resign his office as director of the Scranton deaf-mute association, and retire from its list of members.

St. Stephen's Church is rather lonely. Mr. Koehler had better hurry up and make his presence more frequent, or he will lose the grace of having his services attended.

Mr. Eaton, a typo in the Wilkes Barre *Record* office, gives promise of doing well, and hopes to boss the editor by and by.

Mr. James Williams, the leading boot and shoemaker of the second ward, expresses his intention to enter into the mercantile branch of his trade with a supply of ready made boots and shoes. Zenobia hopes he will be wealthy before another leap year comes.

The familiar faces of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pethick, are missing from our circle, being on an extended stay in Scranton. They are expected to return home by February 1st.

Mr. Ed. Fleming, of Pittston, was recently in this city, and visited the Museum of Anatomy.

Peter Decker was in town a day or two ago, and was employed by Mr. Roberts, the traveling confectioner.

ZENOBIA.

WILKES BARRE, Jan. 27.

Worcester Mass.

When Mr. Field Morrow was in Worcester, Mass., on his way to College at Washington, D. C., from Boston, last month, he called on Miss Alice L. Houghton with Mr. Henry M. Howe, but she was not at home Perhaps when he visits this place, again next summer, his friends will have a better opportunity to see him.

Miss Mary Wilbur, of Little Comptor, R. I., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Trask, Jr., in Auburn, Mass., for four weeks. She enjoyed her visit very much. Now she is in Providence, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, Mass., came to Worcester last Tuesday (22nd). They are visit at Auburn, Mass., four miles from this city. Several mutes went to see them, on Friday, January 25th, and spent a pleasant evening.

Mr. A. F. Osgood, of Natick, will visit Worcester some time next month.

CLEVELAND.

Thursday evening, January 17th, witnessed a social gathering of the Cleveland mutes, at the Guild Room of Trinity Church, which has been kindly given to their use in times past. Rev. Mr. Mann was present and read extracts from Prof. A. G. Bell's article in the *Annals*, entitled "Some fallacies concerning the deaf." Some discussion followed, which pointed to a sentiment in favor of deaf-mutes mingling more with hearing people, and cultivating some things that they have neglected thoughtlessly. A discussion of subjects of interest and profit to deaf-mutes by themselves is likely to do more good than some of the "lectures" that are delivered before some of our silent societies. We are reminded of a lecture on the life of the robber, Jesse James, which excited more applause and attracted closer attention than the lectures on moral subjects which had been previously delivered.

NOTICE.

Mr. John Bennett, of Orange, N. J., will preach to the deaf-mutes of Newark and vicinity, at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, Clinton St., near Broad, every Sunday afternoon during the month of February, at 2:30 P.M. Deaf-mutes of adjoining cities are cordially invited to attend.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.*

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, James P. Donohue, 371 Second Avenue.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Thursday of each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson's P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CHIROLOGICAL DEBATING SOCIETY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Debating Society (formerly "Lyceum"), under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. William H. Lipsett is President, and Mr. John R. Lewis, Secretary. The Secretary's address is 1426 Montrose Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Henry Bardes, President, and Jesse K. T. Hoagland, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 71 Bremen Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Wm. H. Lipsett is President, and George Slifer Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION.

The Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes meets every Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the large Philopatrian Hall, which is situated in 12th St., below Walnut St., front second floor. Last Thursday in every month for business meetings only. Strangers in town are cordially invited. All communications relating to the said Society should be sent to the Secretary, Thomas Breen, No. 1505 Race St., Philadelphia. President, Mr. James E. Moroney, Pennsylvania Railroad Car Shops, 30th and Market Sts., West Philadelphia.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, William Stafford; Treasurer, William Campbell; Secretary, Hugh P. Lamb; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Campbell. Secretary's address, 112 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friend of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Sol. P. Cornelius, 209 West 36th St., New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named after Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in America, meets every other year in different parts of New England. The next gathering will be held in 1884, time and place to be determined by the Board, consisting of John T. Tillinghast, President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; State Managers, John W. Page, for Maine; Varnum B. Wright, New Hampshire; George A. Holmes, Massachusetts; Frank C. Tasker, Rhode Island; and William H. Weeks, Connecticut. Any further information can be obtained by addressing the President, John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., or the Secretary, John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 223 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services, excepting the last Sabbath of each month, when it holds a service in Beverly for the convenience of those who can not go to Salem. It also holds a Bible class at its rooms every Sunday eve, under the leadership of its Pastor, and also Friday evening for a prayer and conference meeting. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, W. Bailey, and S. F. Southwick, Board of Directors; L. A. Smith, W. K. Bigelow, and W. C. Packard, Trustees.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquenna Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

COLUMBUS.

A Resignation, and Two Appointments.

OUR FIRE BRIGADE.

BRIEFS.

(*From our Columbus Correspondent.*)

Another valuable member of our Board of Trustees—Hon. Mr. Moss—has written a letter of resignation as trustee of this Institution. There is, however, nothing startling in the changes that have taken place; it is merely a matter of political courtesy, the one side giving way to the other so as constitute a majority of the full Board in sympathy with the present state administration which has come into power. The appointment of other men to succeed Messrs. Moss and Sessions were made by the Governor last week, and they have been confirmed by the senate. The fortunately distinguished gentlemen are Hon. Jonathan R. Hare, of Wyandot county, and Colonel Samuel Thompson of this, Franklin, county. The public opinion in regard to these appointments as expressed through the *City Morning Journal*, reads as follows:

"The Governor on Wednesday made some very good appointments to the public institutions, but none which will give greater satisfaction than the selections of Colonel Sam Thompson to be one of the trustees of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb."

A CLERICAL JOKE.

Dr. I. F. Stidham, pastor of the First Baptist church, in the course of his remarks Sunday morning, was developing the thought from a practical standpoint, how useless the habit was of continually swearing as indulged in by some men, and the congregation, as well as the reverend gentleman, were somewhat taken aback and surprised when a little three-years old girl, who was all attention to what was being said, climbed up on the seat and yelled at the top of her voice;

"Mr. Stidham! Mr. Stidham!! Mr. Stidham!!!"

"Well, what is it?" inquired Mr. Stidham, somewhat embarrassed.

"Why, my papa swears."

It is needless to say that the little girl was aided to disappear as soon as possible, and the sermon proceeded to a congregation of flushed faces.

The *Columbus Dispatch* printed an interesting item in one of its columns last Tuesday evening, Read it.

COLUMBUS PARTY IN WORTHINGTON.

A jolly crowd of ladies and gentleman, friends and acquaintances of Mr. J M. Fuson, ex-Steward of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, taking advantage of the good sleighing, paid that gentleman a visit of his residence in Worthington, last night. Leaving the city early in the evening, Worthington was soon reached, and the party was met at the door by mine host and his estimable wife and invited in to roaring fires. Laying aside wraps, games of various kinds were engaged in with a vim which showed that dull care had been cast aside for the time being. In the midst of the fun supper was announced, and the merry-makers betook themselves to the dining room, where ample justice was done to a feast of good things. At one o'clock this morning the homeward journey was begun.

Those composing the party were Superintendent Pratt, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb; Mrs. Syler, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cutter. Mr. and Mrs. Henney, Misses Blanche Filler, Jennie Warner, Frances Camp, Carrie Feasley, Dodie Johnson and Jennie Ross and Messrs. George Syler, Dudley Filler, Chas. Williams and Joseph Griffin. Mrs. W. R. Parsons, of the vicinity of Worthington, was

The risk of giving "outdoor relief" was lately illustrated in Philadelphia by a slightly humorous occurrence. A benevolent-looking gentleman gave 6 cents to a small blue-eyed boy who bore a card inscribed: "I am deaf and dumb. I am very tired, too. Will you give me 6 cents?" but afterward, suspecting fraud, exclaimed: "You little ruffian, I believe you're a fraud. Give me back my 6 cents and tear up that card." "No, I won't," said the little ruffian, "I'm deaf and dumb, and, what's more, I can prove it."

Master Bolton, a pupil of the Iowa school has arrived, and was assigned to the Second Grammar class.

The genius of our Institution is probably Mr. John C. Pier. He has constructed a new snow-plough for use in our yard. The other day he mounted it and was ploughing open a grand path, when the plow struck upon an uneven icy place—lo! it tipped athwart and instantly our genial gardener took to a good cold snow-bath.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sessions gave a social on Monday evening last week, at which about one hundred fifty of their friends of the First Congregational church were entertained, among whom were Superintendent. and Mrs. Pratt, Steward and Mrs. Wakefield, and Rev Mr. and Mrs. Talbott, of this Institution. The *Journal* says "it proved one of the most enjoyable social events of the season. The cordial and generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Sessions, added to the attractivene ness their elegant home, makes an evening with them profitable to mind, body and soul."

After a troublesome siege of five weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. Miss Cassie Smith returned last week Tuesday night, and taking every body by surprise. Although by no means fully recovered, she is on duty again in the school-room.

Mrs. Syler, formerly connected here, succeeds Mrs. Buckland temporarily as assistant matron.

With graceful swiftness our girls caught up with the boys in the race for first grades during the past week, and maintained their position abreast for a day or two, when the boys spurted forward again.

The Partial Appropriation Bill which appropriates $540,000 to the Charitable Institutions of the State, has been passed by our legislature without debate and in very short order. The bill originally asked for $50,000 more, which will in all probability be allowed in the General Appropriation Bill, when it comes up.

A teachers' meeting has been called for on Monday evening, the 28th, at which time Mr. Talbott is to occupy the first half hour. And the Superintendent invites an expression of opinion with reference to examinations. Can we have any better method?

Columbus was given another cold dip recently, the degrees below zero reaching down as far as thirty one degrees in the open northern part of the city.

The base ball season will open in Ohio about the middle of April next, and it will witness a growing increase in the number of deaf-mute ballists. An exchange of this city says: "The Logans, of Chillicothe, have C. P. Tory, regular pitcher, and Joe. Himmelspaugh, right field and catcher, both Columbus players, the latter formerly played with the Independents of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, being deaf and dumb."

Colonel Thompson, the new trustee, was of the Blind Asylum until transferred to this Institution. He is also Superintendent of the police department of Columbus. Perhaps our boys will bolt more straight up in their department hereafter.

Miss Kate Miller, after three months visit with her Columbus friends, leaves to-day, January 31st, for the suburbs of New York City. Good bye, dear friend, you must come and see us again.

Mrs. Charles L. Osborn is now dead. She was the daughter of the Hon. Samuel Galloway, once a trustee of this Institute, and since deceased.

The pitchers of the Columbus Base Ball Club during the coming season will be Mountain, Dundon and Morris. The latter has been pitching in California this winter, but will be here next month. Dundon, through still working at the bookbindery, does not neglect himself. He keeps on developing his muscle at the Gymnasium Hall in the city.

On Saturday night at half past ten, while almost every body was in bed and quiet reigning, all of a sudden a fire alarm was sounded, and with lightning speed under the lead of Captain Flenniken the first brigade of this Institution was out and upon the spot in a twinkling, at 84 Washington St., the residence of B. F. Martin, Esq., directly, in front of out school on the east side, a full account of which appeared in the *Sunday News*.

An alarm turned in from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum about half-past ten last evening, brought the Department to the residence of B. F. Martin, 84 South Washington aveune. The fire was in the cellar, and was without doubt the work of an incendiary. It was built in one corner beneath a series of shelves, which afforded splendid fuel connection with the floor above. The building is heated with a furnace, which was in an adjoining room, and there was no possibility of fire from it. Mrs. Martin and the servant girl were alone in the house. The former stated that having noticed the smoke she started down stairs, and on reaching the hall-way was rudely pushed aside by a man. She did not know whether he left the house or not; but diligent search by a couple of patrolmen failed to find any one. The first brigade of the Deaf and Dumb Institution deserves credit for their prompt action; they were on the ground prepared to throw water when the department arrived. This was unnecessary, however, and there was no loss.

A leap year party gotten up by Miss Burrell of East Main Street, with some girl pupils, each choosing the gentlemen among whom were several teachers, formed an occasion of gayetey on Saturday evening last, and a good time was had at the home of Miss Mary Dundan, Mt. Vernon Street.

That the late ill-fated steamer, the "City of Columbus," wrecked off Gay Head, on the coast of Massachusetts, was named after the capital of Ohio does not yet appear to us, nevertheless there does seen to exist a strong link of interest between the two names. Those who lived here in the early years of Dr. Fay's superintendency, will remember a deaf and dumb lady of the name of Miss Sarah S. Gomez, then living with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood. Miss Gomez has been dead a number of years, but while she lived—an orphan—she was tenderly and very kindly cared for by her wealthy guardians who were among the unforunate lost of the wrecked steamer—MR. AND MRS. E. S. RAND. What adds more to the interest that we did not know until very recently, is the fact their son, Rev. C. A. Rand, of Haverhill, Mass., married an Ohio lady whose home is in Gambier, and while on a visit at this latter place, the young reverend gentleman was induced one summer to occupy the vacant puplit of the Episcopal Church in this city, during which time he made many friends. We have still in our possession several letters in the handwriting of Mr. E. S. Rand, all of which breathed a fine mind and a loving Christian heart, ever anxious and enquiring if the orphan was happy and contented here.

NUMBER SEVENTY-THREE.

CINNCINNATI.

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON—SICKNESS, AND OTHER EVENTS.

Leo Raum, a well known cigar-maker of Covington, after an absence of seven weeks, put in his appearance last week. When he arrived in St. Louis, his friend who wrote to him to go on promise of giving him work, could not be found, and after staying three days in the city of "Jim Jams," Raum struck for Owensboro, Ky., a flourishing city on the Ohio River, where he obtained a situation in the cigar-shop of Charles Bottenwise, an old Cincinnati boy. After sojourning there six weeks, Raum then came to his home. Nothing like sweet home, you know.

Mrs. Cornelia Hoagland, a speaking sister of William Hoagland, died at her residence in Lexington, Ky., last week, at the ripe age of eighty-four years. William is now the last of the aged family of brothers and sisters left living and is still in robust health, and it is hoped that he will live many more years.

Robert D. Lee, an old Cincinnati boy and a graduate of nhe Indianapolis school, is stiil living with his wife in Colorado city, Texas. He has now about 2000 sheep, and expects to buy a ranch in the spring.

The infant child of Mrs. Louisa Davis Kaiser is very ill, and doubts are entertained of its recovery.

Little Robbie Lee Hoagland was very sick with colds last week, but is much better now.

The printing establishment of Bloch & Co, where "Mercury" and Meyer Runkell worked, assigned last week, after are existence of thirty years. They expect to resume business in a few days, after making arrangements with their creditors.

Joseph H. Vance, John Barrick and Jesse Hoagland, were appointed a committee by the Anderson Society last Saturday night, to hunt a place for our next picnic. Bellevue House is in much favor by the mutes, and is likely to be engaged.

The mutes living near Cincinnati should not forget our masquerade picnic, which will take place at Turner Hall on Wednesday, February 13th. Come one and all.

1-25-83. MERCURY.

Reception of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union.

A FEW POINTS IN GENERAL ON THE AFFAIR.

To reach the Hall, we would suggest to those living on the east side, as the most convenient, the Third Avenue "L" Road up and down town to 14th Street station, then one block westward.

On the west side, the Sixth Avenue "L" road to 14th Street, then four blocks eastward, is the most preferable.

Complimentary tickets having been issued, positively no person admitted without a ticket.

Hat checks will be retailed at 25 cents (twenty-five cents). This applies to guests alone.

To (see?) our "surprise" to the best advantage, it is requested that all will take part in the opening march.

Gents will see that they give their partners their right arm, and will please watch the dictates during the different manoeuvres, to avoid confusion.

The dancing arrangements will be under the management of a competent floor committee, and all will receive a like attention.

It is thought that suppers will not be served in the hall, but arrangements have been made with outside parties, where a first class supper can be had at prices to suit all.

The Re-entree will be under the supervision of Mons. Donnelli and Sheltoni, who have been engaged at great expense (?) and led by President Russell, and all are requested to not fail to see it.

The spacious and elegant parlors and galleries will afford ample accommodation for those who do not prefer dancing to enjoy a quiet *tete-a-tete*, and at the same time have a full view of the dancing floor.

Boxes will be reserved for invited guests—among whom will be many prominent persons.

In conclusion we extend a cordial welcome to all, and as the committee have labored hard to make the affair a success, all may expect a most enjoyable time.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN,
Chairman Committee.

RAILROAD HARVEST FOR 1884.

VICTIM NO. 5.

The following item is taken from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of the 19th inst: "Wash Blevius, a deaf-man, was killed by a freight train on the St. Louis and San Francisco Road near Sarcoxio, Mo., yesterday. The whistle was blown, but Belvius did not hear it, and was thrown violently against a log by the track, dying instantly."

An Impostor.

A stranger, representing himself to be a deaf-mute, has been about the Oranges soliciting alms, putting his requests in writing, and answering written questions in a like manner. A few days ago, a person whom he had asked for aid, took him to a friend who understood the sign language. The beggar did not understand any of the signs, and finding that he was discovered, cleared out.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Prof. Draper's Lecture.

MELANGE.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

Newton's life and achievements were the theme of Professor Draper's lecture to the College, on Friday night, and the history of this "wisest of mankind," was presented in a way which enchained the interest during the whole course of the lecture. The familiar story of Newton's boyhood, of the historical apple and of the no less historical diamond, was briefly touched upon, and then the great triumphs in the domain of science which place Newton first and foremost among the world's great intellects were explained as fully as the limited time would allow. These discoveries were all in the sciences of optics, mathematics and astronomy, and the most remarkable fact about them is, that they were made when Newton was still a very young man, though they were not given to the world until long after. Thus, in 1666, while only twenty-four years old, he explained those phenomena in optics, which had puzzled the greatest investigators before his time—the composition and refraction of light, and further on, as a result of thesediscoveries, constructed the first reflecting telescope in the world—the progenitor, as it were, of those great instruments of Herschel and Rosse, which in our own times excite our wonder and admiration.

In algebra and geometry, he solved problems which had hitherto been insurmountable, and invented the celeorated binomial theorem and the fluxions, the basis of our present calculus. Great as these achievements were, he made still greaters ones in the domain of astronomy. He was only twenty-five, when the traditional apple called his attention to the laws of moving bodies, and owing to an inaccurate assumption of the length of a degree, he all but solved the problem at the time. Sixteen years later, when Picard's experiments had determined the exact length of a degree, he resumed his researches and discovered that sublime law which is at present the foundation of the whole science of astronomy—the law of universal gravitation. As consquents of this discovery, he further determined the shape, volume and density of the earth, the orbits of the comets, the procession of the equinoxes, the cause and forces of the tides, and the weight and densities of the planets though millions upon millions of miles removed, and intimating to the casual observer nothing of the sublime laws which control them, and which they all obey. The influence of these discoveries can hardly be overestimated. They gave at once glory and stability to the sciences in which they were made, and their indirect results have unmeasurably increased the comfort, knowledge and happines of mankind.

Yet Newton himself was singularly modest in regard to these discoveries. He attributes them to no extraordinary mental gift, but merely to his capacity of patient application, and described himself as a child picking up here and there a pebble from among the myraids that strew the shores of the ocean of knowledge. But the world has not for an instant been in doubt as to the true cause, and by common consent acknowledges him as the wisest, greatest, brightest of mankind. His life was pure and blameless, his character lofty, the only defect being a somewhat cold and suspicious temper. He died in 1727, at the great age of 85, having hardly ever taken any systematic physical exercise, but always the image of perfect health.

The lecture was illustrated with diagrams to illustrate refraction and other optical phenomena, and was received all through with the greatest interest, being warmly applauded at the close. In our brief synopsis, we have omitted the scientific details, and given only what we think might interest the general reader. The next of the Faculty lectures will be delivered Friday, Feb. 8th, but we have so far been unable to ascertain by whom it will be delivered.

MELANGE.

Dr. Gallaudet started on his southern trip on Wednesday. Dr. Fay is acting-President during his absence.

The comet is engaging the attention of students with an astronomical turn of mind.

G. W. Veditz, '84, is teaching at the Maryland School, and will remain there for a week or two.

Mr. Denison has at last got his "star," and courses around the concrete with all the vim and finesse of a veteran wheelman.

S. S. Haas, '84, left us for his home in Shamokin, Pa., on Wednesday. He was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. We regret his departure much, and hope every benefit for him from the change.

L. A. Palmer, '84, is wroth with us because, through a slip of the pen or otherwise, we classed him among the feathered tribe ('88) in our last letter.

Duck Goldberg was honored with a serenade by the college glee club the other night. The effect of the ovation was heightened by the fact that all the members of the club were dressed in white, and that the serenade was given at that hour when ghosts are supposed to be stalking abroad.

Nine terra cotta vases arrived for the studio during the week, and will serve as models for the freehand drawing.

The Reading room has put the surplus in its treasury to a good use, and has subscribed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *American Agriculturist*, and several other papers, for the rest of the college year.

The March number of *Harpers' Magazine* promises to be of more interest to deaf-mutes, as we see from a prospectus of the number, that it will contain an illustrated article, "The Poetry of the Deaf," from the pen of President Gallaudet. The number will appear about the third week in February.

Prof. Chickering has re-rrrranged the models, maps and charts, in his recitation room. All but two of the large slates have been removed, thus affording more wall space for the physiological and botanical charts.

The boys of the Primary Department will be allowed the use of the gymnasium on Saturday mornings, and will be put through a course of calisthenics under the supervision of F. W. Robinson, '84.

Several of the old sheet iron radiators in the students' quarters were removed during the week, and replaced by more efficient ones of an improved pattern.

On Wednesday, a bevy of fair damsels, friends of a certain Junior, visited the college, and their friend being absent, an Illinois Freshman showed them the sights of the Green, and finally took them to the gymnasium gallery, where they remained fully an hour waiting for the show that did not come. The verdant Freshie was of that evergreen species one sometimes comes across, for it was *Wednesday*, you see, and when that Junior returned and learned what had occurred, he took the audacious Freshie in hand, and held him a harangue, which made his hair stand up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Preparations for the Athletic Exhibition are progressing finely. The captains are drilling their platoons for for the grand march, Indian clubs hurtle in the air, the chestweights whack the floor with a more energetic thump than usual, and one or two of the boys who are ambitious of honors with the gloves, have had their claret tapped in a friendly set-to. The grip and rowing machines are also constantly patronized by those who intend totry their fortunes in the tug of war. HARRY FIELDING.

Jan. 28, '84.

Virginia Institution.

The Holidays are past, with all the pleasures that attended them, but they are not forgotten, and all have resumed their studies as if to show their gratitude for the kindness bestowed upon them. Perhaps it would be interesting to some to read an account of our holiday pleasures. On Christmas we, the pupils, assembled in the chapel, and had hardly seated ourselves, when Santa Claus himself come down what was to all appearance, a huge chimney with an open fireplace, in which burned a bright fire, clothed in his furry coat and bearing gifts for one and all; but having so many to provide for he was compelled to return to his headquarters, wherever they may have been, several times. After seeing that no one was left unprovided for, he, with a most polite bow, disappeared, perhaps, to gladden the hearts of others. Then game followed game in rapid succession, until the time for retiring came, which, to judge from the faces of the happy children, came only too soon. On Christmas night the pupils again met in the chapel, to spend another pleasant night in the way that each one (or two) thought best.

On Friday night the hearts of the pupils were gladdened by a sumptuous repast, consisting of cake, confections, etc., after which they betook themselves to the chapel, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost, until the ringing of the bell announced that the time had come when they must separate, which they did with many merry good nights, but with much hesitation and with saddened faces, because of the rapid flight of time.

Last, but by no means least, came the masked ball on New Year's night, which was, if possible, more enjoyed than any other occasion of the season.

Besides the pleasures which Xmas brought, were the visits of Rev. Job Turner, who was with us the last Sabbath of the Old Year, and the first two Sabbaths of the New Year. He held two services each day. In this respect we have been unusually blessed. Blessings of this kind should be, and, we hope, are highly appreciated. We trust that it may be our privilege to enjoy many of them. Mr. Turner, also, appointed one of the teachers as an agent for the Building Fund of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The pupils are contributing liberally.

The cold weather and the snow have afforded a great deal of pleasure to our pupils.

The skating has been very good, but the pleasure of a few has been marred by the occasional breaking of the ice, which convinces them them that they cannot skate on water, and causes them to seek the genial warmth of the nearest fire.

Mr. Arthur Fultz, of Rockbridge, Co., a former pupil of this (the Va.) Institution, paid us a visit on Saturday and remained until Monday. It is needless to say that all were glad to see him. Mr. Fultz finished here about seven years ago, and has since been engaged in farming. May success attend his every effort in this delightful and useful occupation. FIDELIS.

NEW YORK.

"The Toilers of the Sea."

THE BROOKLYN LITERARY SOCIETY.

(*From our regular Correspondent.*)

One evening recently, while going down the New York Bay, to Staten Island, and when about half way down, and were congratulating ourselves that the worst was over; that the larger cakes of ice had been passed, and the bumping would be lost, our heart gave a big jump when we noticed in the moonlight what seemed an immense iceberg, which seemed to be coming at Railroad speed direct at the boat. The sides flashed and glittered like millions of diamonds in the moonlight, and every now and then the light from Robbins Reef glanced on its sides and was reflected back. When we had time to draw ourselves together again, we noticed a puff of steam issuing from the centre of the floating mass and at the same time a hoarse whistle was heard, and before we could recover from our astonishment one of the ocean "couriers" went rushing past. On inquiring we found that it was the Alaska, of the Guion Line, the "Greyhound of the Atlantic," just arrived from Queenstown. The whole vessel—the hull, mast and yards, were covered with ice, the only thing that seems to have escaped the crystal covering were the American flag, which waved proudly at the bow, and the British flag, which took the post of honor at the stern. Even the Captain in yellow oil-skins seemed to be clad in crystal, for as he turned on the bridge as the vessel passed he looked like a big diamond.

A faint idea of the appearance of these ocean steamers was given in one of the illustrated papers recently, the real and picture are altogether different. We never saw anything more beautiful than the scene presented as the Alaska went crashing through the ice, every few minutes emiting hoarse notes of warning to "clear the track," and the green and red lights—starboard and larboard lights—looked like a ruby and emerald respectively set in a large diamond.

An idea of the perils encountered by "the toilers of the sea" may be had of the disasters to the Celtic and Germanic of the White Star Line, who both had their main shafts broken in mid ocean, and had to make port under canvas—the former for its destination, the latter returning to the port from whence it sailed, but at our very doors, we have a more appalling disaster. The "City of Columbus" wreck on Gay Head is not yet forgotten, and the relatives of the scores who perished will long mourn their loss. Just think of, it a vessel full of delicate women, sickly children and mayhap, consumptives who expected to regain their health by wintering in the balmy South, being hurled into eternity while the good byes of their friends were not yet forgotten, and while spending their first night on board of the ill-fated vessel..

But there are other tales more horrible still of shipwrecks in the mid ocean, foundering of vessels, mutiny on the high seas. Poor Jack is not to be envied in this weather; he receives more than his quota of frost bitten limbs. Probably Byron never tried sailing in mid-winter, or he would not have written his

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea—
Our thoughts are boundless and our soul as free."

New York City, as the chief shipping port of the New World is a good place to study shipping craft of every description can be seen the swift "ocean troup," the beautiful American clipper, and so on.

Recently, the papers have been discussing the merits of several new clipper ships recently constructed, and from their tone, it looks as if the old clipper business which, in years gone by, made Columbia the queen of the seas, is about to be revived.

The ocean steamers, as freight carriers, have had a long and fair trial; for many reasons they have been found unsatisfactory as freight carriers, and white-wings, it appears, will soon deck every sea.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union held a special meeting last Wednesday. The first business to come up, was the applications of Messrs. Eunis, Joseph Reilly and Lonergon to be admitted as members. They were admitted.

Then the reception business came up. The Chairman said that he had sent invitations to be present to Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, of the New York Institution; Prof. Greenberger, of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes; to several of the ladies and officers of the New York Institution, including Messrs. Carson, Brainerd, Clarke and Currier, nearly all of whom had notified him they would be on hand; also several well-known celebrities, including Tony Pastor and John Kelly, who have accepted the invitations.

The appointment of Committees were then in order, and everything was arranged to suit all.

After adjournment, the prospects were discussed, and from the indications, the affair will be a glittering galaxy of beauties; one of those champion "mashers," who, despite this fault, knows what he is talking of, is going to bring the belle of his ward; another went into glowing description of what his "girl" is going to wear; another looked on and said, "Pshaw! wait till you see me." We said nothing; we're to be there, and so is ———.

A new departure is to be taken in regard to the re-entree. The re-entree is to be led by President Russell, assisted by deaf-mute members of the Floor-Committee. This is the first march ever led by a deaf-mute, and as it is to be a rather complex affair, it will be well worth witnessing.

There will also be something alone worth the entire price of admission which can only be seen during the Grand March, which begins at 6:30 promptly.

If the distinguished guests arrive in season, probably a few addresses will be made, which will add to the enjoyment of all. The floor is to be specially waxed for the occasion, and we warn the dudes not to—but we forbear—they can take care of themselves.

Chairman O'Brien informs us that he wants it positively understood that no one will be admitted without presenting a ticket of admission at the door; persons receiving complimentary tickets are requested to hand them at the door.

The price of checking clothing, hats, etc, for gentlemen, is fixed at the regular price for such affairs, 25 cents. Ladies clothing, wraps, etc., will be checked free of charge.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union should be amply supported by all innocent, fun-loving deaf-mutes, in their effort to inaugurate popular prices within the reach of all. It can not be said that ever a better entertainment was offered for the money.

Arrangements have been so perfected that no one will be overlooked. There will be ladies' attendants, and ladies coming alone will be treated with all courtesy. Arrangements have been made with Irving stables, by which cabs can be summoned immediately. Supper will be served at Huber's Prospect, 14th street, McMahon's Oyster House, 14th street and Third Avenue, and those who wish it, can go to the Hotel de Recro, 15th street and Irving Place, or the Hotel Dom, 15th street, between Irving Place and 4th Avenue.

The Brooklyn Literary Society of Deaf-Mutes—B. L. S.—held their meeting last Wednesday, in Tuttle's Hall, Grand street, near 5th, Brooklyn, E. D.

The reading of the Constitution and By-Laws was resumed, and some good progress was made.

It has been decided that the election of permanent officers will take place next Wednesday, the 30th inst., and that dues shall be ten cents a week.

The society is to meet weekly at the above hall till future notice.

One new member was admitted, named Miss S. J. Woodworth.

In the list of players of the Columbus B. B. C. which appeared in the *Sun* of January 27th, the name of Dundon, the deaf-mute appears. The Columbus Club belongs to the American Association which also includes the Metropolitan, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Athletic, Louisville, St. Louis, Allegheny, Baltimore, Toledo, Indianapolis, and Washington Clubs.

Mrs. Wood and the Misses Finn, all of Newark, N. J., were in town last Sunday.

X.

Notes from our Traveller.

It was my intention to have remained in New York permanently after leaving Easton, but I find that circumstances will compel my absence from the city for some time, and therefore I shall substitute "Traveller" as a *nom-de-plume*, instead of the now worn-out name of the "Man-About Town."

I left New York on Tuesday last, took the New York, New Haven and Hartford Rail Road, passing *en-route* Stamford, the former home of my friend "Little Dude," Bridgeport, where Barnum's show is in winter quarters, and which is plainly visible from the car-window, New Haven, Meriden, and other large manufacturing towns, finally arriving here, changing cars twice.

My first duty, as a JOURNAL reporter was to hunt up the mute residents, who are few, considering the size of the place. My search was rewarded by finding Mr. John W. Pratt and wife (*nee* Miss Leonore Gray, of Brooklyn). Mrs. Pratt has just returned from a lengthy visit among her old friends in New York, Brooklyn and vicinity. Mr. Pratt, as well as his brothers and father, (the latter is Superintendent,) are connected with the "Victor Tool Manufacturing Co."

Two of Middletown's mute residents are at school at the Hartford Institution, and another, a child of a few years, will enter when old enough.

Higganum, where Mr. Brophy came near losing his life, is a short distance below here.

Mr. Pratt informs me that there is a young lady mute living a mile or so out of town, whom I have not as yet seen.

I should be happy to meet the mutes of any of the following places, during the time mentioned. Shall leave here about February 15th, and will be at Amherst, Mass., until February 29th, Wellesly, Mass., until March 15th, Northampton, Mass., until April 10th. I intend visiting the American Asylum at Hartford, and the Articulation School at Northampton.

Shall also visit Natick, where I am in hopes of meeting Mr. Osgood.

THE TRAVELER.

FANWOOD.

Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet

JANUARY THAWLETS.

A Joke that a Supervisor Didn't Appreciate.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The following is from the *Uptown Visitor*, a newsy little weekly that has quite a large circulation among the residents of Washington Heights and vicinity:

DR. HARVEY PRINDLE PEET.

A grand pantomimic entertainment will be given by the Peet Literary Society for the benefit of the Peet Memorial Fund, at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, 162d street and Tenth avenue, Thursday evening, January 31, 1884.

Doctor Harvey Prindle Peet was born in the little town of Bethlem, Litchfield County, Conn., November 19, 1794. Born a farmer's son, and growing up with healthful alternation of study, labor and free recreation on the rugged and picturesque hills of Litchfield County, he acquired that well-developed frame, freedom of movement, physical hardihood, and practical tact that eminently fitted him for the exhausting work of a teacher of the Deaf and Dumb.

As an illustration of the early difficulties that young Peet manfully met and overcame in his pursuit of a liberal education, we mention that, at Andover he earned a portion of his support by gardening in summer and sawing wood in winter.

An invitation to engage as an instructor of the Deaf and Dumb in the American Asylum at Hartford, gave him an opportunity of discovering his special fitness for this then new profession. Within two years after he joined the asylum he was elected as its steward; an office giving him the sole control of the household department and of the pupils out of school hours.

In the year 1830, the directors of the New York Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, the second American school of its kind in priority of date, which had been for years losing ground in public estimation, were awakened to the importance of placing their school on higher ground. Seeking for a man whose weight of character, acquaintance with the most successful method of instruction and tried efficiency as a teacher and an executive officer, would invite confidence in advance, and justify it by the results; who could introduce improved methods of instruction in the school room, and, at the same time, order and efficiency in all departments of the institution, their attention was fortunately directed to Mr. Peet, who, almost alone in his profession, had established a reputation for equal and eminent efficiency as a teacher and as the superintendent of an asylum. He became principal and secretary of the board of directors on February 1, 1831, and fourteen years subsequent the President. He practically inculcated that all the inmates of the Institution formed but one great family, and himself as its head, taking with his wife and children his meals with his pupils, rose to ask, in the visible language of the deaf and dumb, a blessing, and returned thanks at every meal.

He ever gave prompt and paternal attention to the complaints and little petitions of his pupils, and devoted for the first few weeks a large share of his personal attention in inculcating and enforcing habits of order and neatness.

The effect of Dr. Peet's labors was soon evinced in a marked improvement in every department of the Institution, which, from that day to this has been steadily gaining in reputation and usefulness.

He wrote many important text-books.
A truer philanthropist never breathed.
All honor to his memory.

The hour was eleven o'clock P.M., and Supervisor Stowell, tucked snugly in bed, was sleeping the sleep of the just. A mischievously-inclined person now entered his room and turned the hands of the clock so that they pointed to the hour of six—the time that it is his duty to rise—and then roughly awakened him. Mr. Stowell opened his tired eyes and, glancing at the time-piece, reluctantly proceeded to get up. The joke was now explained, and the irate supervisor, with a look of the most profound disgust, turned his back to the grinning spectators, and was soon again shaking the rafters with the musical humlet that proceeded from his nasal appendage.

THAWLETS.

The Institution Report for the year 1883, is in the hands of the printer.

Mrs. Daniel Ward and the Misses Finn, of Newark, N. J., were among our numerous callers on Sunday. They attended services at the Catholic church in West 16th Street, during the afternoon.

Steward Brainerd has received an interesting letter from our Santa Barbara, Cal., friend, Prof. Reaves, in which he describes the fertility of the country, its inhabitants, etc. Mr. Reaves says he is gaining health and strength rapidly, and feels several years younger than at the time of leaving Gotham.

We were misinformed regarding the visit of Miss Prudence Lewis to Mrs. Sip, last week. She visited Mrs. Smith, of Jersey, for a day. Mr. W. Rose performed the important office of body guard.

Miss Lizzie Noble visited the school on Wednesday of last week.

W. L. Bingham has been elected critic of the Peet Literary Society, in place of John Lloyd, Jr., resigned. T. P. Lounsbury has been it's Secretary for some time.

A peculiar smell was wafted over the school on the afternoon of the Lord's Day, and the inmates imagined that the cholera had come at last. However, it proved to be the odor of a cigar with which Charles Sparrow was engaged in mortal combat.

Young Ebrick Jones, brother of Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, had a jolly time coasting near the Institution with a few of our boys, Saturday morning last.

The usual monthly social, where Matilda was seen in best bib and tucker, and Adolphus in newly-polished brass watch chain, killed time Saturday evening.

The weekly prayer meetings on Sunday evenings have been discontinued.

The tall and graceful form of Prof. Gamage may be seen almost daily gliding with majestic curves over the glassy surface of the lake at Central Park. His upright and Napoleonic bearing is conspicuous even among the thousands who frequent the resort.

Julius Wilkin, of Long Island, visited the Eye and Ear Infirmary on Thursday last, to receive treatment for unnatural pains in the head. He called at the Institute before leaving for home.

The following estimate of Madame Sembrich, the new *prima donna* who has been sent to this country as the pride of Germany, unites in itself artistic appreciation with keen and delightful humor. It is from the Chicago *News*.

Madame Sembrich knows our principal and his wife very well, and has promised to visit the Institution on her return from her Western trip. Our pupils will not be able to hear the marvellous voice of this wonderful songstress, but it will be something for them to say that they have seen her.

"It is not at all surprising that Mme. Sembrich caught on so grandly night before last. She is the most comfortable *prima donna* that has ever visited Chicago. She is one of your square-built, stout rigged little ladies with a bright, honest face and bouncing manners. Her arms are long but shapely, and in the last act of "Lucheer," her luxuriant black hair tumbles down and envelopes her like a mosquito net. Her audience night before last was a coldly critical one, of course, and it sat like a lump on a log until Sembrich made her appearance in the mad scene, where *Lucheer* gives her vocal circus in the presence of twenty-five supposedly Scotch ladies in red, white, and green dresses, and twenty-five suppositious Scotch gentlemen in costumes of the court of Louis XIV. Instead of sending for a doctor to assist *Lucheer* in her trouble, these fantastically attired ladies and gentlemen stand around and look dreary, while *Lucheer* does ground and lofty tumbling, and executes pirouettes and trapeze performances in the vocal art. Then the audience began to wake up. The comfortable-looking little *prima donna* gathered herself together and let loose the cyclone of her genius and accomplishments. It was a whirlwind of appoggiaturas, semi quavers, accentras, rinforzandos, moderatos, prestos, trills, smorizandos, fortes, rallentandos, supertonics, salterellos, sonatas, ensembles, pianissimos, staccatos, accellerandos, quasi innocentes, cadenzas, symphones, cavatinas, arias, counterpoints, florituri, tonics, sub-medicants, allegrissimos, chromatics, concertos, andantes, etudes, larghettos, adagois and every variety of turniural and dingus known to the musical art. The audience was paralyzed. When she finally struck high F sharp in descending the fourth of D in alt, one gentleman from the south side, who had hired a dress coat for the occasion, broke forth in a hearty "Brava!" This encouraged a resident of the north side to shout "Bravissimo!" and then several dudes from the Bine Island district raised the cry of "Bong!" "Tray beang," and "Brava!" The applause became universal—it spread like a wild fire. The vast audience seemed crazed with delight and enthusiasm. And it argues volumes for the culture of our enterprising and fair city that not one word of English was heard among the encouraging and approving shouts that were hurled at the smiling prima donna. Even the pork merchants and the grain dealers in the family circle vied with each other in hoarsely wafting Italian words of cheer at the triumphant Sembrich. French was hardly good enough, although it was utilized by a few lard manufacturers and butterine merchants who sat in the parquette, and one man was put out by the ushers because he so far forgot himself and the eclat of the occasion as to shout in vehement German: "Mein Gott in himmell, das ist vertampt goot!" It was an ovation, but it was no more than Sembrich deserved—

Miss Louisa Trout, ex supervisor of the girls, was at the Institution the fore part of the week. She leaves for her Southern home on Friday.

The bob sled of Mr. Ed. Clearwater is brought into requisition nearly every evening, the coasting on the Fort Washington hill being excellent. Dr. Carson permits a number of the large boys to enjoy the sport on single sleds from 8 to 9½ o'clock each evening, or when desired.

W. G. Shanks, of Albany, will probably return to school soon.

Preparations for the masquerade on Washington's Birthday are being pushed forward rapidly by Miss Caroline Virginia Hagadorn. Her room has assumed the annual curiosity-shop aspect.

Miss Mary Penrose, who left Fanwood some time ago, is dead.

W. Rose attended the amateur theatrical entertainment, given for the benefit of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, at Chickering Hall, Monday evening.

CHIP.

CONNECTICUT ITEMS.

Mrs. Sophia Hine, *nee* Rowley, of Waterbury, Conn., died on the 28th of December last. Her age was 71 years. She nearly reached her golden wedding, as she had lived forty-seven years with Isaac.

Mr. Isaac Hine stopped three days in Thomaston, two days in Winsted, one day in Hartford to see his silent grandson, and visited New Haven and Bridgeport this month. He is 70 years old, and still on his old bench at cobbling.

His son James has worked many years with him, but his health began to be poor, and he got a situation in a brassware shop three months ago, and is now earning $1.50 a day, besides cobbling in evenings.

E. R. Davis is still smart at his work in the Thomaston Clock Shop. He is 72 years old. Also Jonathan P. Marsh, aged 70.

Samuel W. Atkins is feeble with age, 76 years, and still works at clockmaking in Bristol, and farming. He is probably the oldest graduate of the American Asylum, as he went to school in 1818, aged ten years.

Connecticut is well named the "Land of Steady Habits."

There are a plenty of silent couples of "70" and upwards in New England. The attention of life insurance companies that refuse to insure the deaf, should be called to these facts.

Franklin S. Cossman, of Thomaston, has worked in the clock shop for 25 years. His health has been poor lately, caused by malaria. His wife's also has been failing. Last Sunday she received the communion in her house. We are sorry for their misfortune.

The new supervisor of the boys' department in the American Asylum who took Mr. Small's place, proved to be of cruel disposition, and was dismissed. Another hearing man, by name of Gale, has been appointed, and the boys like his kind manners well, and it is hoped that they should appreciate it, and behave well.

Amos L. Ladd, of Winsted, was baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in Boston, during his visit to the Gallaudet and Clerc Celebration.

DEAF-MUTES.

How They Live and What They Do.

What is Being Done for Their Education.

Their Religious Instruction and Amusements.

From the Sunday Dispatch, Providence, R. I.

The members of the Providence Deaf Mutes' Society meet for Sunday services at the Franklin Lyceum Building. The attendance varies, there being sometimes twenty or twenty-five visitors, while at other times there are but eight or ten present. Often there are some in attendance from Woonsocket, Pawtucket, River Point, Newport or some other suburban localities. When there is a preacher from abroad, the attendance is larger and the scene to a looker-on is impressive. There sit the audience, their eyes eagerly fastened on the rapidly moving fingers of the pastor, their eyes shining with intelligence and showing by their whole demeanor the lively interest they take in the subject. As the "address," if it may be so called, proceeds, the varying inflexions of the countenances are worth watching. They do not lose a syllable, and it is easy to understand by the expression of their faces whether they approve of the arguments or not. In Fountain street, in the old public school building, is a school for the deaf, of which Miss Austin is principal.

Perhaps the greatest benefactor to the deaf-mutes was the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the anniversary of whose birth was celebrated in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the 17th of December last. There were some two hundred and fifty people present, and the exercises consisted of an introductory prayer, poems, addresses, etc., and, after an intermission,

SUPPER, DANCING AND OTHER RECREATIONS.

The occasion was one of much interest and attendants were mutually benefitted by being brought into contact with each other. In this city on Christmas Day thirty deaf-mutes assembled in response to an invitation to do honor to the memories of Gallaudet and Clerc, names venerated by the deaf-mutes of all countries. Gallaudet's only object was to elevate the condition of the deaf and dumb in America. For this cause he went to England, Scotland, and France, and devoted his time and energies in their behalf. He married a mute woman, and was never weary of instructing such persons. The old method of communication between deaf-mutes was by letters formed by both hands; of late one hand has been found to be sufficient, and many can now understand each other by the simple articulation of the lips.

The census of 1870 reported 16,406 deaf-mutes in the United States, while the census of 1880 gives the whole number at about 35,000. Exact figures are not available, although more pains were taken with the last summary. The returns, though not perfect, are much nearer that point than anything previously attained, and may be all that could be expected, when the difficulties of the case are given due consideration. Many parents will conceal the truth concerning their unfortunate children, and thus the census-takers will be deceived. One of the most intelligent deaf-mutes of this city was asked what proportion of that class was born so physically incapacitated. To the surprise of the writer he estimated it at not more than one-tenth of the number. He wrote: "The first sensation of becoming deaf was curious. I went to bed hearing as well as anybody, but woke up stone deaf—or the world seemed to me to be awful still." There are four married couples of deaf-mutes in this city, all in remunerative employment and

LIVING HAPPILY TOGETHER.

Scarlet fever is the principal cause of deafness. Our informant lost his hearing at eight years of age from this disease, and his wife lost her hearing from the same complaint when five years old. He went to school before he became deaf, and says he can remember how sounds seemed to him.

As a general thing deaf-mutes are fond of reading. One paper in New York city, the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, is in the thirteenth year and appears to be flourishing. It has correspondence from Providence and other cities, giving items in relation to deaf-mute parties. Mr. Oscar Kinsman, of this city, is several times mentioned and very favorably, too. Mr. Kinsman is employed by Brown & Sharpe and is a pleasant and most intelligent man.

The American Asylum at Hartford is probably the most important institution for the education of the deaf and dumb in this part of the country. It has now been in existence sixty-eight years and has about 185 pupils, all from the New England States, the males preponderating in number. Of these only six come from Rhode Island. The annual charge for board, instruction, etc., is $172, and the persons applying for admission must be between the age of eight and twenty-five, of good natural intellect and capable of writing legibly.

Those associating with them, and who should be in a condition state to know, that this unfortunate class are naturally

SUSPICIOUS AND WATCHFUL.

As they are debarred from hearing, they imagine that people are talking about them, and their attention is constantly directed to the motions of others and the movements of their lips. There is much difference between those born deaf and dumb and those who become so by disease or accident. The great mass of congenital mutes do not succeed in gaining a perfect command of idiomatic English, and the difficulty in their path is obvious. Semi-mutes, who lost their hearing at six, eight or ten years, have naturally a great advantage and often express themselves with clearness and vigor. Besides the usual course of instruction, the inmates of the Hartford Asylum are taught tailoring, shoe-making and cabinet-making and turn out to be very respectable workmen. Those of the highest grade of education or natural intelligence are very sensitive and do not like to be classed with those on a lower plane. As one of them writes, "they are of all grades of society or standing, on the same average as other people." As a general rule, they are appreciative of kindness and grateful for favors done them. The deaf-mute alphabet, although it may look rather complicated, is easily learned and is often of advantage to the learner. It appears that the dwellers in "the silent world" have their occasions of enjoyment. In the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL we read of entertainments taking place in New York, Providence, Syracuse, Columbus, Ohio, and other cities, in which the participants appear to have amused themselves very much.

BADGER TRACKS.

Tis only when we mortals presumptuously set ourselves up for weather prophets, that we fully realize how infinitesmally small we are. In our last effusion we had the audacity to predict that the back bone of the winter was broken. Later returns have knocked our theory more completely out than Sullivan did Paddy Ryan. Even as we pen this, there rages around us a blizzard under the direct supervision of Old Boreas himself, which bids fair to block up the roads, delay trains, and do other mischief.

From this moment we respectfully submit our resignation as a competitor of Vennor, and down and out. Hereafter we shall be content to take our weather as it comes. But just here some gentle reader will say: "Oh, give us a rest on the weather." Nuff Sed.

The first coasting accident of the season happened last Saturday afternoon. We were implicated in it. The accident was that the sled gave a lurch while rounding a curve, and two damsels went overboard, taking us with them. No damages except a few bruises and a general stiffness.

John Dahl, Simon Carney, Arthur Huebner, and one or two others took a plunge bath in Turtle Creek the other morning. They were coasting, and the sled went so fast that it carried them half way across the creek. The reason that it took them no further is that the ice gave way. Picture the result. If any one doubts that the water in the creek is cold during the winter, he has only to question one of the boys who know, for they have been there.

Coasting on our hill is just what would suit the college boys at Washington, because it is so fast. No personalities intended!

Messrs. Parker and Proctor, of the State Board, were here last week. They sampled the coasting, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any of the boys.

We extend our warmest sympathy to those timid souls who shrink from taking a ride down the hill. We were just going to say that "Imagination makes cowards of us all," when we recollected that it would be a misquotation, and the real phrase. "Conscience does make cowards of us all," would not be quite apropos.

Tuesday our dominions were invaded by an army of school-children from Troy and Lafayette, about twelve miles distant. They came in farm sleighs, in which they were packed like herrings in a box. They were armed with the all-conquering tin dinner-pail, and equally powerful curiosity. Supt. Swiler kindly allowed them to bivouac in the Chapel, which they made their base of supplies. They visited our school-rooms, inspected the shops, tested the merits of our coasting hill, and finally departed with empty dinner pails, and with the satisfaction of knowing that they had completely done the Institution.

One of our young gentleman teachers is seriously thinking of hiring an amanuensis or private secretary. The other day he received four letters by one mail. To prevent injurious suspicions, he solemnly affirms that not one of these letters was from the fairer portion of humanity.

TRACKLETS.

All well at present, and hope you are the same.

Prospects of more frozen ears and noses.

A certain newspaper remarks that the hog is taking the place of the eagle as the National Bird. Not with us; thank you. Although we have a fellow feeling for Bismarck's foe, yet our allegiance still clings to the Hamerican Heagle. Long may it scream.

The drawing class is working wonders. Miss Waite is proud of it, and well she may be.

We cry quits, Harry. We don't need an introduction next time we meet.

Examinations next week.

DELAVAN, Jan. 24. COMO.

Never ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

FROM MINNESOTA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will not make any excuse for wading in with at batch of news for the JOURNAL at this late day of a school year; but hold to the presumption that somebody at least will be pleased to read a bit of news from the great Northwest. Meanwhile I will try to forget that the burden of many things that are written are the things themselves. Our Institution is sailing on pleasantly in full possession of the New Year, with new resolutions, new hopes and good wishes from all our friends. Superintendent Noyes has just finished a week of examining the several classes: not a rigid written examination such as we have in June; but a kind of "inside look," to acquaint himself more fully with the progress each pupil is making individually. He thinks, on the whole, each class has made a satisfactory showing for the work of the past four months. Each class has a visit from our Superintendent for an hour or two every now and then; and, as a consequence, the teachers as well as the pupils feel greatly encouraged in their work. We are having a regular old fashioned Minnesota winter with a cold patch put in here and there. The mercury generally keeps dwindling between 10 degrees and 15 degrees below, and that is considered a mild winter; but when Boreas gets angry he steers right down to the twenties, and makes living creatures move at a brisk gait for a couple of days, he also stops locomotion, and our love letters from Chicago, New York and Washington, come around a few days late. Progress moves forward by two springs—men and events—coasting, skating, sliding down on snow shoes, and occasionally a couple old barrel staves, are among our frolics. The girls and boys are out every afternoon on the hill for some fun. A few of our enterprising young boys have double rippers, and show refined courtesy to their big sisters and cousins by standing on the hill and shivering, while the other "uns" go down. We guess the speaking boys who used to come over on our hill to take a slide have got enough of it for one dose, as one of their number broke an arm and got a row of teeth scattered around, because he saw fit to turn into the sewer hole rather than hit one of our boys, who was standing in the way with eyes turned down, thinking of home and better days. It does not seem as if we have to battle for life, hug and poke up the stove till winter can not very well stay any longer; but only pitch in and enjoy it while it lasts.

We do not want to give any one wrong impressions of Minnesota weather, nor how we enjoy it way up here. No one need think that at night we undress with frantic energy—give a shudder—a desperate plunge—a spasm—a series of smaller convulsions—and go to sleep just to dodge a feeling of discomfort; nor in the morning, that the thought of getting up brings a contortion to our face, and when we have to do it from necessity or the thought of coffee—we rush for the nearest stove in indecent haste, dragging a few indispensible articles along with us.

Caddie Washburn tried to slide down hill on his ear, but found the plan not feasible, so now occupies the hospital rocking chair with an unhappy face.

C. Thompson was home for a few days last week, to see his mother and brother, before they went to Florida for the winter.

Mr. Kelly spent a few days with his friend Mr. A. R. Spear, in Minneapolis last week. He reports a good time.

SABIN.

DEATH OF A GRADUATE OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

Lawrence N. Jones, of Sand Hill, Oswego County, N. Y., died January 12th, 1884, aged 52 years. The funeral services were conducted at the residence of Mr. Jones, by Rev. Mr. Paul, rector of St. James Church, Pulaski, N. Y., at 1 P.M., January 14th, 1884.

Mr. Jones was a graduate of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes when it was located in Fiftieth Street. He married, settled down to the life of a farmer in his native town of Richland, Oswego County, and was a man of integrity, of industrious habits, and one of many friends. His first wife, a deaf-mute, was Miss Emily Thorn, who also graduated from the New York Institution. She died very suddenly in 1877, leaving one daughter and two sons, all of whom are still living to mourn the loss of both parents. In December, Mr. Jones married Miss Ellen W. Evans, also a deaf-mute, of Rome, N. Y., who survives her husband.

Mr. Jones had been in delicate health for some time, to all appearances declining under organic disease of the lungs. But during the first part of this month he was attacked with pneumonia. In a few days, it became apparent that this last disease was beyond the control of medical aid, and his spirit soon after winged its flight to that world on high, where there is neither pain nor death.

Several deaf-mutes were in attendance at the funeral, and more would have been, had it not been for the bad roads and inclemency of the weather. A full house of friends and neighbors were present.

The sorrowing wife, children and other relatives, have the sympathy of a large circle of friends. May they look to their Saviour in the days of their distress, and so live as to meet the one gone before in that paradise of God where disease, pain, sickness and death never enter.

H. C. R.

MEXICO, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1884.

Death of Thomas J. Hippler.

Thomas J. Hippler, a well-known deaf-mute of West Lodi, O., was taken sick a few days past, his sickness took place about the 27th of December, 1883, and continued until the 12th of January, 1884. His disease was claimed by the doctor a low typhoid fever, and at last hemorrhage of the bowels took place, when life was soon extinct. When he was taken ill, he wanted to go home, he said—that was to his father's home—but his kind wife and parents did not like to move him, as the weather was cold and there was danger of catching cold. But as time went on, he insisted to go home, and at last they consented. The wife and parents thought if he was homesick, it would him do good to take him home. This was done on the 11th of January. After his arrival at his father's home, he seemed to contented, and, for some time, rested well, but soon became weary and weak. He had not eaten anything for several days; all that he had taken was such as he could drink, and, on the morning of the 12th of January, at six o'clock, died.

His funeral took place on Monday, the 14th, at ten o'clock. His remains were buried at the German Reformed Church, in which he was confirmed, at the age of fourteen years. His body was followed by a large number of his friends and relatives. Thomas did not have an enemy in the world, as far as is known by his friends.

Thomas was a scholar of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Columbus, and he was respected as a kind and obedient pupil. He always was at the head of his class.

Thomas was a plasterer and broommaker by trade, which he successfully carried on. His wife, whom he was wedded to on the 23d of April, 1883, had a sad and sorrowing heart for her companion, whom she did not expect to part from so soon. But she feels that he is in the world of joy and happiness.

Thomas was married to Miss Emma E. Heilig, of Macungie, Pa., and a deaf-mute pupil of the Philadelphia Institution. They were joined together in holy matrimony by Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, O., at Tiffin, O. His age was 22 years, 9 months and 14 days.

Words of kindness and courage are spoken to the widow of the deceased by the friends and relatives.

Lynn Notes.

Charles Letts, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., who has been working in Randolph, Mass., came to Lynn last November with Julius F. Lang, and has secured work in a shoe factory. Have been looking ever since and succeeded at last. Charles is working with a semi-mute by the name of John E. Mack. Both are lasters by trade.

William E. Kelcher had a steady job in a shoe factory for seven years at nailing, but was recently discharged on account of a new heel machine, and is out of work.

Charles E. Fartham, a deaf-mute, who came from Boothbay, Maine, three years ago, was united in marriage to a speaking lady of the same town Christmas. He is a laster by trade, and is doing well.

Ansel Jackson, a deaf-mute and old citizen of this city, was united in marriage christmas to a deaf-mute lady named Joanna McCarthy, of Wakefield, Mass. He owns a house and is comfortable. He is a heel finisher by trade, is doing well, and is well off.

Henry A. Boutiler, who came from Canada three years ago, is married to a deaf-mute lady, is the happy father of a little boy that can talk and hear. He resides in West Lynn, is a laster by trade, and is doing well.

James M. Bradley, who came from New Hampshire, has been working in East Weymouth, Mass., recently came to Lynn. He is an edge trimmer by trade, and is the champion mixed wrestler of the Lynn and Boston mutes.

Manfred F. Willis, a deaf-mute here, and a laster by trade, lives with his aged mother, and is doing well. He is an excellent penman.

Julius F. Lang and Joseph Lawlor, of Albany N. Y., came from New York City last Nov. Julius was sick a long time, but has recovered. Joseph is working in Raudolph, Mass., at shoe cutting. Julius is a laster, and is the champion pedestrian of the mutes here. The mutes here think he can beat any mute in Boston or New England.

Mr. Burrill, a mute, is married to a semi-mute. He is a shoemaker by trade, and is well off.

All the mutes here are shoemakers, except Joseph D. Nichols, who works in a laundry. He has resided in Swampscott, Mass. But has recently come to Lynn to live.

Mr. Norwood, a deaf-mute who resides in Saugus, Mass., works in Lynn as a turn workman on fine slippers. Probably he will come to Lynn to reside for the future.

About ten mutes in Lynn attended the Levee, held in Boston, December 31st, and enjoyed it very much. Some were glad to meet their old friends and classmates.

SHOEMAKER.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, 12 noon (Holy Communion) and 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 7 and 10:30 A.M., Holy Communion, and 2:45 P.M.

SECOND SEASON

ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF MUTES,

AT

IRVING HALL,

(15th St. and Irving Pl.)

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 6, 1884.

Music by Prof. RICH. E. SAUSE.

Tickets admitting Gent and Ladies, - 50c.
Lady's ticket, - - - - - - - - 25c.

Doors open at 8:30 P.M. Grand March commences an hour later.

Tickets can be had of any of the members, or at the door on evening of Reception.

Irving Hall is considered the finest hall in New York City for dancing purposes, being the only hall that possesses the novelty of a spring-floor.

The music furnished by Prof. Sause is already too well known to need further comment.

Suppers will be laid for fifty persons in Irving Hall, at $1 per head, if guaranteed before February 2d. Tickets for same can be had of any of the Committee.

Arrangements have been made with Huber's "Prospect" and McMahon's Oyster House, where supper will be furnished in first class style at prices to suit all.

COMMITTEE.

J. F. O'BRIEN, Chairman.
J. P. DONOHUE, J. H. LEONARD,
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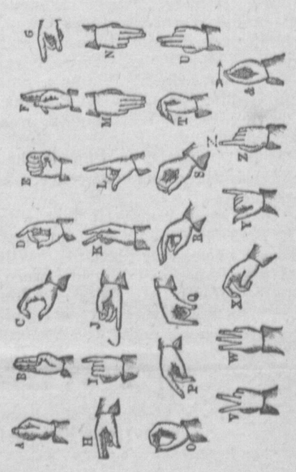
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